

# TOC H JOURNAL

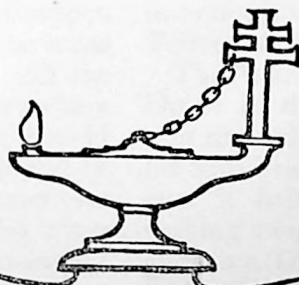


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# HUMANITY: A CHRISTMAS SERMON

*A few days before Christmas last year Padre IVOR EVANS of Mold Branch gave a talk to his fellow-members. Here is the substance of it.*

I THINK it is not a bad idea for us to finish up the year by taking a look at some of the deeper things for which Toc H stands. The subject I have had in mind a good deal lately is the subject of Humanity—the nature of it, the significance of it, and the value of it. It is one of the biggest subjects you *can* think about, and so, if you don't mind being desperately serious for a bit, I am going to try and say something about it.

But there is one mistake I don't want you to make. You have probably heard the word "humanist," and I am hoping you won't stick that particular label on to me as a result of this talk, whatever I may say; because the humanist is a man who thinks such a lot of human things that he has not got very much time for the things that are divine. That is why, I suppose, humanism has got itself rather a bad name in these days. And of course it is quite plain that there isn't any room for the humanist, as such, in Toc H. It has been said that Toc H is "God's Show," and that is what we have to remember first and last.

Toc H is God's show. But to my mind that is only another way of saying that humanity is God's show. Robert Burns said "O would some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us"—and there's no doubt that if that could happen for a week or two, there would be some sort of revolution in the world. All the same, I doubt if it would turn out to be a 'chain of light.' I don't think Toc H is working for the day when men will be able to see themselves as other men see them; Toc H is working for the day when men will be able to see themselves as God sees them. It is the New Testament view

of humanity we want, not the other man's.

I was interested to discover the other day that in Scottish universities there is a certain individual who is known as the 'Professor of Humanity.' And I've been thinking that there is a job for a man like that in other places besides Scottish universities. The Scotch, of course, have always had a good-sized bee in their bonnet, but I fancy that the maddest thing they ever did was to give a title like that to a professor of Latin, which, as every school boy will confess, is about the most *in-human* thing there is. But for a *real* professor of humanity! There is a job for a man like that in every Toc H group and on every street corner. The man who can help his neighbour to see his own human nature as Christ saw it.

## 'All Rank Abandon'

What would you say is the inner meaning of the Toc H slogan, "*All rank abandon*"? It is the sort of thing that is bound to be popular, but in Toc H we want it to be popular for the right reason. I believe there is a far deeper meaning behind that slogan than most people ever imagine. And if you happen to be nursing the idea that you have to abandon rank in Toc H just in order to be "pally," the sooner you get rid of it the better. "Abandon rank," as Toc H understands it, is not a sentimental slogan but a New Testament inspiration.

The man who turned into the Old House in the days of the war with the idea that what he had to do was to forget his Sam Browne or his brass hat, or whatever it happened to be, was certainly making a big mistake. And the man who goes to a Toc H meeting nowadays with the notion that what is required of him

is that he should forget how many hundreds he earns per annum, is making an even bigger mistake. What is required of a man in Toc H is not that he should forget that he wears a brass hat, but that he should remember that he is a man. You see, it is like the two greatest commandments of the Law—something positive, not negative. It is not a case of forgetting what men call you—it is a case of recollecting what God calls you. And so, if a man is going to be a real member of Toc H, the tremendous fact of his human nature has got to dawn upon him like a revelation.

There is one sentence of Tubby's that I think ought to be hung in every Upper Room in the world, and the sentence is this: "Toc H must be full of men so blinded by the beauty of the Great Pearl that they have no eyes for lesser merchandise." I don't think I should be wrong if I took that sentence as a text for this talk on humanity. Human nature is the great pearl that Christ revealed in all its amazing loveliness in His life and His teaching and His stories. Read the stories of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan as they were meant to be read, and you will see that human nature in its essence is a pearl of very great price indeed.

#### Pompey's Mistake

Now let me tell you the sad story of Pompey. Pompey was a Roman conqueror of considerable merit and a certain amount of virtue. Even Josephus, who was a Jew, admits that Pompey had a great respect for religion, only unfortunately his religion was a pagan affair.

One day he succeeded in breaking down the walls of Jerusalem. And then he forced his way into the Temple. He left all the treasures of the Temple untouched, but he did something even worse than looting. He actually dared to set foot in

the Holy-of-Holies, where only the High Priest himself was allowed. He did it with quite the best intentions, apparently—what he wanted to get at was the mystery behind the Jewish religion, and he understood that the secret of that mystery was concealed in the Holy of Holies. So it was, as a matter of fact, only the trouble was that Pompey did not know what to look for. And consequently all he found when he got there was an old wooden box. That is what it looked like, and that is what it was—just an old wooden box, *with a difference*. Only Pompey did not see the difference; he was so disappointed that he did not think to look *inside* the box. And so he missed making the great discovery that that old wooden box was nothing less than the Ark of the Lord itself, the sacred receptacle of the Tables of the Law, which had been all through their history the one great inspiration which had held the Jews together and made them a great nation.

To the Jews, the Ark of the Lord: to the Gentiles, an old wooden box. It was just a case of what you saw in it. And the same applies to human nature. Jesus saw the Good Samaritan—there have been others who could only see the monkey. Jesus saw humanity as the Ark of the Lord; other men regard it only as an old wooden box.

#### The Christmas Truce

"Abandon rank"—if you want to have both hands free to lay hold on your humanity. Give it all away—if you want to secure the Pearl of Great Price. I am quite sure that is the real meaning of our slogan, because human nature is such a terrific thing when it gets going. If you happen to read *John Bull* as well as your Bible, you may remember a wonderful illustration of that in a recent issue: I mean the inside story of the human miracle that happened in No Man's Land

on Christmas Day, 1914. Round about eight battalions of British and Germans simply strolled across through the barbed wire and got down to the business of Fellowship. In one sense it was the most significant thing that happened in the war, the Peace of Christmas, 1914.

And the Germans began it! The men whom we had been taught to regard as a lot of devils turned out that night to be nothing worse than a crowd of shepherds abiding in the fields; only instead of sheep they planted the front line parapet for miles with little Christmas trees, and these they hung with Christmas candles in coloured globes. And then they started singing "Hark, the Herald Angels" and "O come, all ye faithful." The spirit of a Child in a manger, in fact: a Child who had taken the nature of humanity on Himself, actually came very near that night to stopping the war.

I mention that story just as an illustration of what ordinary common human nature will do when it gets its own way. I mention it because not one person in a thousand ever realises what a terrific power that same human nature is. A power that can smash all the barbed wire hatreds in the world, and shame the very guns into silence with the sound of a Christmas carol.

If a man is very proud of the thought that he is a gentleman, he'll usually behave like a gentleman. And in the same way, if a man is very proud of the fact that he is a human being, it is bound to make all the difference in his outlook and his actions. But unfortunately, I don't think there is a commodity in the world that is more neglected than human nature. Think of the time a man spends in being a grocer or a clerk or a teacher or a parson, compared to the time he gives to the most paying profession of all, the profession of humanity.

It is generally understood in Toc H that part of our most important business is to get to know one another. That does not mean, surely, that I have got to spend my time getting intimately acquainted with so many extra tinkers and tailors. What it means, if it means sense, is that I have got to get into living touch with a number of 'surprise packets' of human nature.

As long as you only know a man by the nature of his daily job, you are treating him with no more real respect than Pompey gave to that old wooden box. The fact that he happens to be a painter or a plumber is just an accident. The fact that there happened to be a lot of soldiers in the front line was only an accident of history—the great fact that suddenly broke out into coloured lights and Christmas carols was the fact that they were *men*. The glorious truth of their humanity was suddenly reflected along the parapet in all the colours of the rainbow. The most unlikely place and the most unlikely time for the Kingdom of Heaven to be set up was in No Man's Land on Christmas Day, 1914. Yet human nature unadulterated is so dynamic in its power that even there and then, of all times and places, it burst through the barbed wire entanglements and filled the very avenue of death with glad tidings of good-will. And I think you may be ready to agree with me that that was the finest Toc H meeting ever held.

Well, that is one of the Plain Tales from Flanders, and I hope that one day Tubby will write it up for us. Some say there were angels at Mons, and there certainly was humanity triumphant all the way from Fleurbaix to Neuve Chappelle.

#### The Pointing Finger

And now I should like to give you a plain tale from Gallipoli. Some of you have been reading a book by Earnest Raymond, called *The Jesting Army*. In that

book he mentions a certain communication trench along which the men had to make their way to the front line. And sticking out from the parapet above that trench at one point was a human hand. The sun had powdered the soil and the wind had blown the dust away and exposed the hand of a man who was buried there, and the hand had been mummified and preserved by the dry atmosphere and the great heat.

The soldiers got very fond of it, and they called it "Percy." No one dreamed of disturbing it, either to remove it or to cover it up, because the whole army had become superstitious about it. The rumour had gone round that as long as that hand pointed forward (as it was doing) the British army would not go backward.

The man who was buried there had no rank to commend him, beyond the rank of an ordinary Private. Before the war he had been a labourer in a ship-yard on the Clyde. And yet, in the dignity of death he had become a silent inspiration to a whole army. His humanity had suddenly become eloquent in that pointing finger.

That is one of the Plain Tales from Gallipoli, and I think that it contains a parable. It is a parable of the power of humanity, humanity in all its simplicity, stripped of all the trappings of rank, to point us forward along the road to the Kingdom of God.

That pointing finger had been buried out of sight under the mud. But it seems as if the great Lover of humanity had decided to bring it to light again in order that men might have another look and realise what it really was that they had killed.

Time and again men have buried the glory of their humanity under the mud of ambition and hatred and swank, and time and again that same humanity has reappeared to point the way along the road to

victory. We can deal with our human nature as a dead hand if we like, while we get on with the business of killing each other, but it takes a lot of burying.

#### Seeing Men Clearly

The story of that pointing hand reminds me of the blind man of Bethsaida. His friends brought him to Jesus to recover his sight. And the story says that "He took him by the hand, and led him out of the town." And there, in the quiet, he recovered his sight, until "he saw all men clearly."

I hope, in the midst of all our talking and all our business, we shall always remember that we are pledged to work for God's Kingdom in the wills of men. And if we are going to do that, we have to be pretty clear-sighted. We have to learn to see all men clearly. And that isn't easy—it is the work of a lifetime to cultivate such a power of vision as a man needs to be able to do that.

The blind man of Bethsaida recovered his sight. He came to be able to see all men clearly. But it was not in the town, it was not in the middle of all the competition and all the distractions of the market-place. As long as he stayed there he remained blind. But he had enough faith to suffer himself to be taken by the hand, and to be led by the Lover of humanity, out of the town, right away from the artificial interests of the market-place, to a place where he could be alone with nature and get back to realities, and learn to see his fellowmen as they really were; not as a collection of job-men, but as so many living caskets, each one containing a pearl of great price; not as so many empty boxes, but each one as an ark of the Lord, with the word of God hidden away inside him.

We have been given a chance, if we like to take it (and if we don't take it then we

have no business in Toc H); we have a chance to get out of the market-place, to get away from the bull-ring, and to learn how to open our eyes and see all men clearly. Pompey made the mistake, when he found the old wooden box, of thinking there was nothing in it, but that old wooden box was not in the Holy-of-holies for nothing. Most of us make the same mistake with nine out of every ten men we meet. It is our great job in Toc H to realise that they were not made in the image of humanity for nothing. I fancy the devil must like to hear us say of a man that there is nothing in him, because it is always a lie. However he may seem to

hide it, somewhere in every man there is the priceless pearl of humanity.

Before we meet again we shall have celebrated Christmas, the anniversary of the gospel of the divine spark in human nature. And we shall have held the world Chain of Light. Toc H is out to put a chain of light around the world, and the light will only be kindled from that spark. The spirit of humanity will come into its own in the world when the world understands its real significance, when men everywhere begin to realise that their own common humanity, if it gets the chance, has the power to set up the Kingdom of God in the very midst of all the mud and the shell-holes of everyday life. I. E.

## GOOD ADVICE

WHEN is it right to ask for advice? When is it right to act upon advice, asked for and given? I cannot tell you. The experience of a life-time does enable some wise men to answer these questions. I am not wise; but one thing I have found and here it is. Advice, help and easements sometimes come our way unasked and from an unexpected source. Take an example from the birds. Our friend the blackbird, when suddenly aware of a man or a cat in a brake or covert, will pour out warning and advice. The rabbits say 'Thank you,' and make off. We need not blame those who have not picked up every story that comes from Rome, but once surely there were geese on the Capitol who gave out advice good and hearty and nobody said 'Silly' or 'Hush!'

From Rome would you please pass to Worcester, not necessarily to hear Elgar played in his home town (though that would be delightful), but just to . . .

John James Broadhurst smelt sausages and a happy day began. J.J. beamed

across the breakfast table, thanked his wife for all he smelt, and said grace. How good it all was! Sunday; no rushing for early trains; no hurried 'goodbyes'; plenty of time to eat and drink; pauses for chat; a genial atmosphere of peace and 'togetherness.' Quietly and leisurely J.J. and his wife skimmed the papers or glimpsed at the reviews and journals which had accumulated during the week. Armed with a cup of coffee, J.J. read aloud anything that took his fancy. Mrs. B. listened; she liked particularly this, which was tucked away among "Sayings of the Week"; it came from a girls' school:—"I should like to have been a Vestal Virgin as you got the best seats at all the meetings and entertainments."

If then you are *con amore* with the Broadhurst household, be so bold as to look over J.J.'s shoulder and read as he reads. Go for the nouns and verbs in it and miss out the pronouns and 'for-as-muches.' Start in the middle of page 9, and you have something like this:—"Committee would again remind . . .

of the importance of giving *different* members an opportunity of being trained as officers . . . when it has a good officer, instead of re-electing . . . a year out of office occasionally . . . quite a number of people will be ready and able to take office if, before being asked to do so, they have had an opportunity of learning the work involved and therefore can master it quickly and plan it so as not to occupy too much time . . . ”

“Exactly,” said J.J., and his mind was made up. “My dear, will Jim be in church to-day?”

“More than likely,” said Mrs. B.

During the last hymn J.J. held up a finger and the signal was picked up. Jim was waiting for the Broadhursts at the South Door when the service was over. J.J. hardly waited to say “Good morning”; he made his point at once.

“Jim,” he said, “tell me something of your Jobmaster’s life. Keep an eye on me and I will sign on as your assistant.”

“My Christian Aunt!” said Jim, “and what a load off my mind! Come home with me now. Mrs. B. shall see the roses, while you and I talk shop.”

And talk they did.

As the Broadhursts walked home, J.J. was full of plans for carrying out his new job. Mrs. B. listened, but she was wondering when . . . somehow or other she would be compelled to point out . . . As she was going upstairs to take off her hat she was murmuring “now,” “or when . . . ”

There was a burble, almost a shout from below—“Julia! Hoi Hi Ho!” J.J. was bursting from the dining-room and about to rush upstairs. Julia was to be saved the trouble of pointing out . . . and knew it, but she waited for the words of deliverance.

“I’ve read this somewhere before,” began J.J., “or something very like it, but it isn’t . . . ” (and here he looked again at the pamphlet in his hand) “. . . it is the Eighteenth Annual Report of the National Federation of Women’s Institutes for the year ending December, 1934—not Toc H at all! So *that’s* what I read at breakfast!” He beamed once more at his wife. The day went well.

Jim and J.J. get on together splendidly.

A. A. P. W.

## ‘CLARIDGE’S’

MANY members ask for the latest news of Tubby, and indeed—until some account of “the voyage of the *Beagle*” appeared in these pages last month—there has been little in detail to give them. All now know that he has been with the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean for some time. Recently a new job has been keeping him very busy. It is common knowledge from the newspapers that the main base of the British fleet now concentrated in the Mediterranean has shifted eastwards from Malta to Alexandria. The small unit of Toc H at ‘Alex’ deserves credit for the first job they undertook for the great influx of sailors. They provided and staffed an information bureau on the landing quay. This was greatly needed and appreciated.

But 15,000 men have many needs and there was a call for something on a much bigger scale. Tubby, with the war-time experience of Talbot House naturally in mind, co-operated busily with the naval authorities. The upshot is “Claridge’s Fleet Club,” housed in a bankrupt hotel, 35, Rue Forradier, Alexandria. It was opened at the beginning of November (appropriately on ‘All-hallowmas’ evening), with 500 sailors assisting. It is staffed by Padre Charles Paton (of Toc H Malta), sent ashore from H.M.S. *Beagle* with naval ratings, with Fred Welbourn, Tubby’s A.D.C., as ‘Provost,’ and much help from Toc H members, both R.N. and Alexandria, as well as from local ladies. The Royal Navy is responsible for the venture, but Toc H is grateful for the great opportunity of serving there.



## ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

*This is the concluding article of a series of four by JIM BURFORD (South Wales Area Secretary) on the Bible. Readers will remember that these reproduce, after some years, chats or "alfresco lectures" which Jim held with some New York Central Railroad brakemen when he was himself a railway worker in the U.S.A. At their own request he talked thus to them "in the 'round house' dining-room at lunch-time or by the track-side." The first of the series, In the Volume of the Book (August), dealt with the origin and arrangement of the Bible; the second, Pathfinders of God (October), with the Five Books of Moses; the third, The Broadening Path (November), with the historical, prophetic and poetic Books. The present article treats the four Evangelists in the same simple way.*

AS the Colorado River goes nearly out of sight in the Grand Canyon to re-emerge into the clear light of day, so does the story of God's dealings with men, and once it re-appears it, like the River, is henceforward always visible to all men.

Between the last Book or writer in the Old Testament and the first in the New Testament there is a gap about as long as there is between Christopher Columbus and the present President of the United States, and as many changes in the habits and outlook of the people. Several big things happened. For instance a revolt against a distant empire (Rome) which in their case did not secure independence but a sterner servitude. They did not throw tea into a harbour, but they did prevent any Roman Eagle (banner) flying in Jerusalem, especially within their Temple. So that, at least, they put up a show and had a run for their money.

By the way there are a number of Books called the Apocrypha that give an account of these gap-period doings. Bibles can be bought containing them. Now let us chat concerning the New Testament for (as Bob says) it is not a darned bit of use jawing about whether Jesus lived, or what is a miracle and so on unless we have read concerning these things. The New Testament is the second half of a Bible. It is made up of twenty-seven lesser or little Books. It is written by nine or ten men. For all practical purposes we can take it as being written between the years

50 and 100 A.D. It was written in the Greek language, and has been translated into almost every known tongue and/or dialect. As you usually read it in the English Authorised version you must needs remember that that happened in the year 1611 in the reign of King James of England. It first of all tells us of the days and doings of Jesus Christ, then follows an account of the ups and downs of His first followers, afterwards a number of letters chiefly from a man named Paul to people in sundry towns, and some of a more personal type. Last of all comes a mysterious Book named Revelation which I do not profess to understand.

'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.' The first four are styled 'The Gospels.' They are not full and strict biographies of Jesus Christ. I like calling them 'Memoirs' i.e., memories of who Jesus was, what He said, did, and does. They came into being I think something like this. After Jesus had gone from the earth, those who best knew Him naturally talked of what they had seen, heard, and understood, with the result that folk here, there, and most everywhere were attracted to and held in thrall by Him.

These people were never tired of hearing an old-hand recount the story of the days when He lived and worked with and amongst them. It was first a matter of word-of-mouth. This is what scholars mean when they say that the oral tradition, i.e., trading of words, preceded the



written Gospel. Next came a desire or demand for something more durable or permanent. God must have favoured the desire, for men were prompted (*inspired* if you like) to write these things on the paper of those far-back days which was not unlike the paper music-rolls of a to-day player-piano. No one knows how many tried to do this thing, but we are sure that these four Memoirs have lasted by virtue of their universal acceptance and the simple sincerity which is found in them.

Out on the railroad tracks and in this Round-house are engines of many types and classes. There is not one of them that owes nothing to an ancient old-country engine "The Rocket." She (or it) is the parent of them all. There is an original Gospel or Memory document called by men who know, "Q." Unlike the Rocket engine it has not been preserved, but the four Gospels are all more or less indebted to and built on its pattern, and no one now knows who or how many helped to compile it.

#### Matthew

This was written by one of the twelve disciples. A Jew who worked for the Roman government in the Customs and Excise Department. It has every appearance of being written for the purpose of attracting, and in a way likely to attract, Jews. Notice for yourself how keen he is at the start in tracing Jesus back to the father of all Jews, namely, Abraham. It is a systematic series or collection of Jesus' sayings and doings and sufferings. The 5th, 6th and 7th Chapters, usually named as "The Sermon on the Mount," are an example and a clue to a real-reading-grasp of the Book.

#### Mark

Here is something very different. Peter, one of the original band of twelve, was

not a likely author—of anything but trouble. He was a fisherman, hotheaded but very likeable. He had a great affection for his Master and, what is more, a close-up knowledge of the things that mattered. I figure that he was real good at sitting down or standing up to talk of it all, but no writer. He was, I believe, an attractive man for youngsters, and one named Mark was as much wrapped up in him as are certain of you in old Barney Bryan. (Someone once tried to teach me that Mark was a Roman soldier, but I failed to get the 'hang' of his argument). Anyhow, young Mark became Peter's pencil, and this little gem of a book is their joint job. It is great reading. Short sensible little paragraphs, and scenes flash before you like Bioscope pictures and with similar continuity. When you read it watch out for such words as '*straightway*,' '*at once*' and '*immediately*.' It is the earliest, shortest and pithiest of them all. So read this one first.

#### Luke

This time an educated gentleman; refined, cultured, with what we might call a trained mind, by profession a physician. His Book claims to be a methodical setting out of the things to be recorded. It is written for and to Theophilus who may have been a particular man. But if this name is put into English it becomes "a lover, or friend of God," which does at least allow us to think of it being written to any and everyman who has a love for God. Its medical authorship is to be seen in many instances, as also is the cultured and capable gentleman. This Gospel tells us much of the birth of our Lord and gives us that story of universal fame—The Prodigal Son. Folk say that Luke obtained his inside knowledge from Mary the Mother of Jesus, and the other women. I am well able to think it was so.

John

Ah! John. What of that Gospel Book? I do not in my own mind make all the difference and differences between this Memoir and the others that some fussy folk seem to deem necessary. It is different, yes, but as I have told you so are the others. By different men of differing outlook for a somewhat different purpose, and adopting different methods, and using one main, and many various, sources of information, but, the one great constant compelling central Figure is dominant in them all. John was the last of the four Books to be written and for all that matters may be regarded (by wayfarers on a railroad) as being written by the Disciple John the one of the twelve most beloved by Jesus. John lived to be a very old man, and was in his old age the Leader (Bishop if you like) of the Christians in a city named Ephesus. This memory Book starts way back in the beginning before Jesus came to the earth, or men were men, and shows how God would in any case have come amongst us to live with and love us and to lighten our way. John seems to see in every saying, in every deed of his Master something more than meets the ordinary eye. He is not content to record what he sees, but gets inside, beneath, or behind it. He does not confuse the argument with the fact, or take the illustration for the meaning. Of John a poet has written:

I'm old, so old, I cannot recollect  
The faces that now I meet in daily life,

But that dear Face, and every word He  
spake  
Grows more distinct as others fade away,  
So that I live with Him, and with the holy  
dead.

And thus John patiently stated much of his Lord's life, forgotten by some, and misdelivered, and let it work, telling the world that it was written that we might believe.

\* \* \*

Just then we were due back to our daily job of work, and, seeing that trains were run on schedule, we perforce had to quit for another day our chat on this second part of our Bible, the one (the writer of this and the three preceding screeds) who did most of the talking, feeling sure that he had not succeeded in sketching even the barest lineaments of these great records, and acutely conscious, as even now he is, that some men would be inclined to carp and to censure severely even that which at odd moments and in a rough way he had attempted. If such there be among men who have been his readers he can only plead that Highbrows and such like were warned off at the first, and simply to say that these gossip chats had rewards, one of which was when a gang-mate, who joined in at chance time, remarked rather awkwardly one day as we were 'jacking' up an engine, "Say! I bin reading the Bible some. It sure is some Book, and read your way, Jim, she sure makes sense." My reply then is still my conviction: "It sure does. God meant it as sense." J. B.



## 'REVOLT': REPLY TO A REPLY

*In the July JOURNAL we printed, under the title Toc H in Revolt, some reflections by RONNIE WRAITH, written in Australia in connection with the Federal Festival of Toc H there. They provoked a reply, in October, by B. S. BROWNE. This in turn seemed provocative to a number of readers and a 'reply' to the 'rejoinder' follows. Two letters on the same subject will be found on pages 461 and 462. It has been a good 'rally' and the Editor, as umpire, now declares 'game and set'—to whom you will.*

IN the October JOURNAL there appears a rejoinder to the article in the July JOURNAL entitled "Toc H in revolt." This rejoinder would seem to call for a reply, chiefly because it seems to have been penned, many would say, in a mood not helpful towards promoting teamwork or good understanding.

To begin with, Toc H claims to be a movement which is definitely out to combat certain tendencies in mankind by bringing men to a better understanding of the ideal way of life, the Christian way; to that extent Toc H certainly "is a revolutionary movement in character" and for the writer of the October article to ask: "Why 'Revolt'?", seems to be a case of splitting hairs. Revolt may be revolting but, pace Chesterton, argument based on that sort of punning is not likely to carry weight with those in Toc H who are trying to think fairly. Let us take the various points in their original order.

### (1) *Speed.*

Surely what the writer of the July article had in mind, and was endeavouring to bring out, was the danger in a spiritual sense of the modern tendency to ever-increasing speed, a danger the reality of which, in its various aspects, most thinking men will admit. Why, therefore, take him up on what would appear to be purely a grammatical point?

"Is it necessary?"—"is it desirable?"; is there really so much to choose between these two words, so much difference that it makes the meaning of the original article unintelligible? Not to men of good understanding.

### (2) *Comfort.*

Palæolithic woman may have behaved in the manner described by the writer of the October article but, on the assumption that he was not alive at that time, such a statement does not carry weight and is not really very clever. Many of us would say without a moment's hesitation that he has again completely misunderstood the purport of the July article. Of course as civilisation advances, material comforts improve and mankind benefits, but, man's nature being what it is, there is a very real danger that, as material comforts improve—and they seem to be improving ever more rapidly—man may become ever increasingly the slave of the material and his sense of the spiritual become more and more dimmed. This is nothing new but something which must, in one form or other, have been with man throughout the ages. Moreover, was there any suggestion in the original article that we are up against something quite new? Why try and twist a statement into something it was obviously not intended to convey? Is that fair-mindedness? That we are up against something which is tending to become more formidable is undeniably true, but new—No.

Be it noted that no reference is made in the rejoinder to "simplicity of personal living."

### (3) *Entertainment.*

Has not an attempt been made, here again, to distort something which many would agree was a fine thought, and a correct estimate of modern tendencies, into something cheap and trivial?

(4) *Ugliness.*

Is the battle really won? This must be news to many. And is there no desecration of the country for commercial gain? Surely the answer is obvious.

(5) *Money.*

Was there any suggestion in the July article that this is something new? We may have coined the word "profiteer" (some similar word has probably been used throughout the ages), but to argue from this basis that "it is absurd to say that the worship of Mammon is on the increase" savours too much of the dogmatic. Now it is never wise for mere man to be dogmatic, indeed it is exceedingly foolish; dogma may be likened to a puffed-up balloon: when pressed it is apt to burst. As a matter of fact, many would agree that, for various reasons, the worship of Mammon is on the increase, and that we in Toc H should, by force of example, do what we can to counter this placing of values on the wrong things.

(6) *Religion.*

It was once said by One with authority:—"A house divided against itself shall not stand." Is it surprising, therefore, that to some who ponder upon such things, the thought should sometimes come that perchance God may have set up Toc H—and many will agree that Toc H was not born, when it was, by chance—as something which in days to come may help to bring about a re-welding into one of the many parts into which His Church (Catholic so-called) has been divided? To say that Toc H is not an expression of Christianity is to deny a very evident truth, just as to claim that Christianity is the prerogative of the Churches is to tell a very evident lie. Many would say that Toc H is an endeavour to interpret Christianity from the Source; if some should think that it represents Christianity in its earliest and simplest form—what then?

Are they, or Toc H, any the worse because they may hold such a belief?

People, who are put off the movement for reasons such as that suggested in the October article, are best out of Toc H.

The suggestion that Toc H is claimed to be a substitute for Christ is a suggestion mischievous and untrue, and savours of that narrow-minded Christianity which has done so much harm in the past. The reference to Headquarters ("a tendency against which Headquarters should be on its guard") would seem to indicate an inability to grasp essentials. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and the same applies to the individuals making up Headquarters. Toc H is a movement, and therefore fluid; were it otherwise, it could not live. What it thinks now is not necessarily just what it thought 15 years ago, nor will what it may think 15 years hence necessarily be just what it is thinking now. The men who for the time being constitute Headquarters are we hope far too wise to be dogmatic. They know that many of the men who go to make up Toc H are men who try to think things out themselves, according to their lights, men who would never accept dictation in the shape of dogma.

More Problems

So much for the rejoinder to "Toc H in revolt." The writer of the October article then goes on to enumerate various problems which, in his estimation, are far more pressing than those mentioned in "Toc H in revolt." What are these?

- (a) Machinery for keeping peace among the nations.
- (b) Increased facilities for divorce.
- (c) Abandonment of purity as an ideal by multitudes of our women.
- (d) An increase of non-professional prostitution.
- (e) Sunday restriction.
- (f) Chemists' shops.

In regard to all these he would appear to be making the cardinal mistake, which one meets with still too frequently in Toc H, of thinking that Toc H is a movement which should be able to achieve visible results as a movement, whereas it should be very evident that, as a movement, Toc H will not achieve such results for many a day to come; its membership is too diverse, and it takes time to weld such a mixture into one whole, capable of effective action as such, time and leadership, but principally *leadership*. And so, to expect visible results of a startling nature, such as crusades to this end or that, is completely to mis-understand the nature of Toc H, which is nothing more and nothing less than a way of life, the Christian way of life. One certainly hopes that in time, and not too remotely, Toc H will throw up men who, nationally and internationally, may set an example to others, and many will follow them; no doubt in a small way it is doing so already. Possibly in time Toc H may come to be looked upon by mankind, not just as one movement amongst many, but as something which means much more—but not yet.\*

Let us consider the above problems:

(a) *Machinery for keeping peace among the nations.* What is Toc H to do about this? For one thing, no ten men will agree on the methods to be adopted in order to achieve such an end. If the writer of the October article really thinks that something should be done about it by Toc H as a whole, wouldn't it be very much better, and more courageous, if he came forward with definite suggestions?

(b) *Increased facilities for divorce.* Here again opinions are divided; even the Churches seemingly are divided. What does he propose that Toc H should do? Initiate legislation?

(c) *Abandonment of purity as an ideal by multitudes of our women.*

(d) *An increase of non-professional prostitution.*

One wonders if these really have occurred, or if they just represent something on which he feels unusually strongly, and which for that reason he may tend to exaggerate. Prostitution is old, very very old, and will not cease until man's character has been fundamentally changed. Isn't Toc H trying to change men? Again, it is certainly true that since the war woman has gained a greater measure of freedom, but is that altogether a bad thing, or is it fair to suggest that her morals generally have declined in consequence? And anyhow what is Toc H to do about it? Start a crusade?

(e) *Sunday restriction.* What does he mean by "keep Sunday holy"? It he means that theatres and such like should not be allowed to open, the probabilities of this ever happening generally in this country would seem to be somewhat remote. Presumably he doesn't mean that a man must not dig in his garden; that would be too foolish. Probably he is referring to the prevailing custom of dashing about the countryside in cars during the week-end, incidentally one aspect of modern speed and comfort! Well, and what are we to do about it?

(f) *Chemists' shops.* Isn't this rather childish? Are we to start a crusade for the suppression of this type of shop? What a complete lack of understanding this would shew of the why and wherefore of Toc H, and what better way could one choose of killing the movement?

It should be obvious that there is no wish on my part to belittle the importance of these problems; what seems necessary is to point out that they are not problems which Toc H can be called upon as yet to tackle corporately: individually, yes.

\* On this whole subject, see *The Mind of Toc H* in the November JOURNAL, pages 379—388.—ED.

In conclusion, the article, *Toc H in Revolt*, referred to aspects of life and tendencies which each one of us can and should combat individually, by training ourselves and each other on the lines laid down in the Four Points of the Compass and by individual example (and possibly in time we may be able to tackle all these things more corporately); on the other hand, *Should Toc H be in Revolt?* stressed problems which really can only be tackled corporately on political lines

and, as we are not meant to be a political movement, it would be foolish to try and act as though we were. If we did, Toc H would die and deservedly so. To that extent surely the writer of *Toc H in Revolt* has the better understanding of why Toc H came into being, and of what it stands for, *viz.*: a training ground to a way of life, the Christian way of life, and, it is safe to say, the majority of us will be with him.

CAMPHOR.

## OX AND ASS AND CAMEL

CHRISTMAS: the yearly reminder of the fact of history that, "*le ciel est tombé par terre*"; that God came to live on earth as man and was born during the night hours in a borrowed stable. To most men the simple loveliness of that fact never grows dim; partly because a child always attracts, partly because it is an eternal fact of man's experience as he searches for what he calls reality. Christ continually comes to birth in the borrowed house of humanity.

Representations of that historic scene are incomplete if the animals are missing: ox and ass and camel. They are more than pretty adornments to the central figures. There is something of the ox and ass and camel in every man; something of their power and weakness. Those three seem to suggest spheres where Christ must be born in men. This may be fanciful—but it will do men no harm to be fanciful now and again.

### Ox

God is born in a man's mind and being as he takes time to "stand and stare." Who has not wondered at the staring eyes of cattle and the quiet conviction of their grazing? Who has not, in contrast, wondered at the strained look and restless minds of men? God is not born in strain and uncertainty, but in quietness and

truth. Read what von Hügel says: "I so love to watch cows as they browse at the borders, up against the hedges, of fields. They move along with their great tongues drawing in just only what they can assimilate; yes—but without stopping to snort defiantly against what does not suit them. . . . So ought we to do, not to sniff and snort at what we do not understand here and now . . . we should merely quite quietly let such things stand over, as possibly very true, though to us they look very foolish—as, indeed, possibly things that we ourselves will come to penetrate as true and rich indeed." So shall we know the birth and growth of Christ in our minds. Only in a like quietness and simplicity shall we grow strong in the things of God.

We often tell men to "chew things over." That is all that religious meditation is. We *receive* thoughts as we browse in God's word, we chew them over and they become new pointers for the Way; and, with the grace of God, new energy for living.

### . . . and Ass

The ass has never really had a fair deal, but has always been the fool among animals and the butt of men's laughter. Yet there have been moments in the ass's life: in attendance at Christ's birth; carry-

ing Him away to Egypt and safety; and, later, carrying Him in His Royal Triumph.

Thornton Wilder, some years ago, wrote a brief "play" on the Flight into Egypt. He gives his ass a name—Hepzibah—and makes her talk. Hepzibah is a little slow on the journey because she wants to stop frequently to argue about faith and reason. Suddenly she is made aware that she is carrying the Mother and Child (at whose birth she was present) and she says: "Lord, what a donkey I was to be arguing about reason while my Lord was in danger. Well, well, it's a queer world where the survival of the Lord is dependent upon donkeys, but so it is."

Christ is to be born in the heart. He must live in the "feelings" and control them. Reason alone or feeling alone is not enough. They must both work together for good. Religion is not a mere intellectual problem. It is a life to be lived in the power of His birth in every part of a man. We may be afraid of being "fools for Christ's sake," but let us take heart. It is ever true that, from the purely human point of view, the "survival of the Lord is dependent upon donkeys." Christ can use us in spite of our foolish selves—if He is born in heart and head. A mocking world doesn't matter. We *can* reckon nothing of the world's opinion if we refuse to live in a fool's paradise and prefer to face the utter foolishness of Christ's Way and carry Him. And we shall learn to suffer fools gladly because they too may carry Christ.

"God must be very fond of fools because He made so many of us."

. . . and Camel

The Wise Men and camels are inseparable, and, if you think it out, that is as it should be. The camel is the great example of endurance and pertinacity (though some might call this obstinacy!): qualities which are hallmarks of wisdom.

The power of endurance is in the will. Christ must be born in the will that men may endure to the end. Despair and half-heartedness and spasmodic living reveal a weakness in will. He who would be truly wise must determine His will.

There is another thing about camels. Their power of endurance depends upon their preparedness against thirst. That, too, is true of men. Christ is the water of life—a well of living power that will carry us through the days enduring whatever hardship there may be.

When Christ is born in mind and heart and will then is He born in the whole of a man, and that man becomes a "whole man."

*Enough for him, whom Cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk,  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for him, whom Angels  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore.*

CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

Venite Adoremus

G. W. S. H.







*"Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."*

—ISAIAH, ix, 6.

This drawing by GEORGE KRUGER-GRAY appeared on the cover of the *Challenge* weekly on December 4, 1914, for the first Christmas of the Great War. It may well serve in 1935, when the world is full of war again.



*When they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts.*

—ST. MATTHEW ii., 11.

FROM A WOODCUT BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1478-1521).

## OUR NOTABLE CONTEMPORARIES

The magazines of Toc H round the world now form a numerous family in themselves, and new infants are constantly appearing. Some grow up finely, but infant mortality in journalism is rather high. Most of them (like junior members of other families) borrow fairly freely from their senior relative, the Toc H JOURNAL, which thinks no shame to retaliate from time to time. This month we make ourselves a Christmas present of borrowed plumes, snatched from sources very various—one of them not strictly Toc H except in spirit.

### I - Two Ages : One Task

*Again we beg leave to reprint an article from the Toc H Chronicle of Toronto, an eight-page monthly, full of meat. This contribution by Lt.-Col. HARRY T. LOGAN appeared in the October number (Vol. iv. No. 9).*

*His head drooped low,  
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he  
lay—*

*White, with eyes closed; only when heavy  
gasps,*

*Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his  
frame,*

*Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,  
And fixed them feebly on his father's face;*

*Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his  
limbs*

*Unwillingly the spirit fled away,  
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,  
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful  
world,*

*So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;  
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's  
cloak*

*Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.*

*And Rustum and his son were left alone.*

*But the majestic river floated on,  
Out of the mist and hum of that low land  
Into the frosty starlight.*

MATHEW ARNOLD: *Sohrab and Rustum.*

ONE of the most widely displayed recruiting posters during the Great War, and one which had a strong influence upon the minds of the young men of those years in deciding them to join the Army, was the representation of a boy of tender age asking his father the question: "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" The generation to which

that imaginary small boy belonged has come, has asked its penetrating question, has received all sorts of answers from all sorts of daddies and has now passed into youth and manhood. The boy born on November 11th, 1918, will be seventeen years old next month; the laddies of four, just old enough then to remember the excitement of the first armistice celebrations, will next month celebrate their own arrival at the age of manhood.

The fact is that the active work of the world to-day is shared by two generations divided and distinguished ever more and more sharply by the great happenings of 1914-18, and it is not at all a surprising thing that a good deal of misunderstanding exists between these two groups. The pre-war men, older in years, proud of their resolves and achievements, impatient of criticisms, hardened to endure by the often bitter experiences of those years, are apt to find fault with the younger men as being soft, pleasure-loving, wanting in "intestinal fortitude," unwilling to take up the burden of life, dependent and undependable, reluctant to accept the maintenance of themselves as a personal obligation. One of the most commonly-heard criticisms of our youth to-day, made by the older generation, is that the young men are lacking in the pioneering spirit

and determination to resolve to succeed which belonged to their father's only a generation ago in Canada.

#### The New World

The post-war generation, proud of their youth, confident in their judgments, with varying answers to their questions about the Great War ringing in their ears, trained in schools which have lacked the self-satisfied late-Victorian philosophy of the first decade of the century and the burning idealism of the War years, deluged with the polyglot voices of the radio, confused by the competing theorists of social philosophies and startled by the failures of the practical men to lead the world away from the abyss, are quite naturally critical of the pre-war generation. They tend to blame their immediate predecessors, first, as being the cause of the world's woes to-day through the Great War and its consequences, and secondly, for not finding a remedy for the chief ills from which the world is suffering, and especially for the blind alley of unemployment in which so many of our young men now find themselves.

Here are Sohrab and Rustum, son and father, grimly assaulting one another, in opposing camps. While the "majestic river" of time flows on into eternity, a mute witness of the tragic struggles of humanity. And this mutual fault-finding is indeed tragic as it is silly and futile. Never has there been more humanitarian feeling, more idealism at work in the business of life among all ages and all classes than we find to-day. Never have our leaders in industry and labour, in church and state, in social and economic life, had a finer opportunity of effecting social integration, a unity of purpose for the nation as a whole than exists in Canada at the present time. Yet, through a want of determined and courageous leadership, infused by broad understand-

ing and human sympathy, our country gives a picture of a house divided against itself, with youth movements, economic safety leagues, citizen's protective leagues, anti-war societies, and other innumerable social and political organisations formed for the avowed purpose of improving or protecting the *status quo*.

#### The Part of Toc H

In this life of divisive influences and divided interests Toc H has a distinct part to play, a part that is particularly its own. Toc H, by its very name and origin and purpose exists to conquer Hate, to heal wounds, to effect and maintain co-operation. It is the one sort of youth society that is really solid and permanent because it includes in its membership the young men of all ages. It is, in fact, the duty of the older men in our social and economic relationships to consider the younger men and to work for their interests even as it is the duty of youth loyally to support what is best in the attainments and ideals of their elders. It is this want of recognition of their mutual obligation of pre-war and post-war generations, of middle age and youth, in the responsibilities and duties of life which breeds the suspicions and engenders the hatreds that belong to opposing factions in our society.

Those of us who are older must recognise that the social environment of our youth is a thing of the past. We must study with sympathy and intelligence the conditions of life and the needs of the society into which our sons are born and in which their hearts and minds are trained. We make ourselves a laughing-stock by our foolish reflections upon the glories of a bye-gone age or the lack of fortitude in the rising generation. We must adapt ourselves to the world of the high speed motor car, the aeroplane and the radio, a world which moves swiftly and where a majority want to move to-

gether and rationally. Rustum's recognition of his son and consequent remorse came too late when his spear had already dealt a mortal blow, and he had to hear Sohrab in his death-throes upbraid him for his cruelty: "A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!"

Youth, too, has its obligations in this matter. It must recognise the unity of our social and economic life. It must be prepared to conform to the discipline of self-sacrifice and disappointment as well as to the discipline of ambition and success. Youth must co-operate with age if any real progress is to come in our social life. And

this co-operation requires sympathetic understanding of the problems of life and patience in effecting their solution. For interested recrimination there is no place. Strength of mind, rational purpose, persistently pursued, will attain its goal whether the agent be young or old. The tasks of our time are such as demand the united effort of all able-bodied and able-minded men, acknowledging their kinship and ready to give mutual assistance. It was mere chance that Sohrab fell and not Rustum, or that each was not slain by the other's weapon.

H. T. L.

## II - Soliloquy

*In the August number of The Ventilator, the Magazine of Toc H New Zealand, the Editor, for want of a responsive reader, had a talk with himself. Here it is.*

THIS is a 'soliloquy.' A soliloquy is talking to one's self. You do it when there are no listeners. We know there are none. And how? Well, in the last year we have written here 10,000 pages to Toc H. Two million words! And never a word in answer. So we know this is a soliloquy.

But wait! Two people did respond when pressed. One said "Very nice"; the other said "Good luck!" But the masses maintain a massive and impressive silence. So we know we are alone. We can have a nice private chat with our Editorial Self. As thus:—

WE: What are you doing?

EDIT. SELF: Writing a *Ventilator* article.

WE: Useless. No one reads them.

E.S.: We read them ourself. Often.

WE: Do you any good?

E.S.: Lots. They teach us all about Toc H.

WE: What is Toc H?

E.S.: Rather like a dream when one wakes.

WE: What d'you mean?

E.S.: Well, it's everything that doesn't happen.

WE: Tell me some more.

E.S.: Toc H means "To Conquer Hate."

WE: Yes. Well?

E.S.: We stop short at 'half the battle.'

WE: Eh?

E.S.: Shallow amiability soon sickens you if there is no sign of a change of heart.

WE: Some people never hate at all.

E.S.: Because they're too timid and cold-hearted; not because they radiate powerful goodwill.

WE: What's the cure?

E.S.: Toc H—when it's tried.

WE: How?

E.S.: Find someone you can't stand at any price: let him know how you feel, but keep up a constant battery of good services to him, giving him what he likes, not what you want him to like.

WE: Sounds like indulging and spoiling the chap.

E.S.: If we think of his needs and not of our sacrifice we can't spoil him.

WE: Must think it over. So that's Toc H?

E.S.: That and nothing else.

WE: Tried it yourself?

E.S.: Not really. Mucked up with a lot of preliminaries most of the time.

WE: I see. Any hope of progress?

E.S.: We think so. We hate self-advertisers; people with a keen eye to the 'main chance'; also humbugs, cowardly conventionalists and self-deluding cranks. Intend to use these to specialise on.

WE: How will you begin?

E.S.: Study each one, think about him, make notes of him, question him, ask about him—pray regularly for him.

WE: And then?

E.S.: Work for his friendship by visits, conversations, invitations, loans, gifts, letters and useful introductions.

WE: Heroic programme! You're a bit of a marvel.

E.S.: You're a mug. If we don't all do it, we had better wind up our parody of Toc H and go gangster.

WE: Don't go bitter because it sounds smart. Someone may be listening in.

### III - Concerning Fellowship

*For some years, as many members know, GEORGE MACLEOD, formerly whole-time Toc H Padre in Scotland, has been making the most of his wonderful opportunity in Govan, one of the poorest districts in Glasgow, where he is minister of the Old Parish Church and runs the large Pearce Institute. The Men's Fellowship of this Church published, in October, an excellent first number of a magazine called Fellowship, from which, with grateful acknowledgment, we reprint the first article, by George Macleod himself.*

THE real trouble with this country is that "it has been so inoculated with Christianity that it has become immune to it." I don't know who wrote that sentence. I only know it is true. We talk of a "Men's Fellowship"; of its "Christian Basis"; of its "excellent programme"; of Mr. "X" and Mr. "Y" "who put a lot of work into it"; and ask impatiently: "When do its meetings begin again?" That is how we all look at it "in the abstract."

Then the new session begins . . . and what do most of us do? Well, what would a fly on the wall hear almost any Wednesday night (always supposing a fly has ears) if it listened in?

ARCHIE: Not a bad lecturer; but poor slides.

ALEC: Who forgot to put sugar in this tea?

ANGUS: There are a lot of fellows here to-night who aren't members at all.

BILL: Let's get Tom and sit over in that far corner where the empty seats are. Don't you think there are too many cliques in this show?

GEORGE: I've been a member for twelve months and no one has spoken to me.

DONALD: Jolly good slides; but not much of a lecture.

Wouldn't a fly if he buzzed from end to end and corner to corner of the Social Parlour hear every one of those remarks most nights from one or other corner of the room? That's what happens "in the concrete."

Now let's follow that fly the next day. At the risk of overworking the wee thing, let its flight be into the office where Mr. "X" adds up accounts . . . then up to the top flat where the ministers doze, I mean work . . . through the stores where Bill sells sugar . . . clinging to the crane where Alec and Angus are riveting.



What are these same men saying the next day in office, shop, manse and shipyard . . . about Italy and Abyssinia; about economic conditions; about Church life; about the politicians; about big men on the Stock Exchange; about wee fellows who live on the same stair. What is everyone saying to-day, everywhere, always, about everything?

They are saying: "What the nations, and the world, and the Church, and Big Business, and the tenement stair needs to-day is a new spirit."

You see the joke? You see why the fly, in a final swoop of pessimism, flops into the Fried Fish Shop to commit suicide among the chips? It is because "this country is so inoculated with Christianity (or shall we say, "Christian phrases") that we have become immune to it." Bless me, isn't it as clear as the vinegar on the chips?

What is it really that Germany is saying to-day but: "Let's get Poland and sit on our lonesome. There are too many cliques in this show?"

What is it really that Russia is saying but: "I've been a member for twelve months and no one has spoken to me?"

What is it really that France is saying but: "There are a lot of fellows here to-night who shouldn't have been allowed in?"

And we blame Russia, and Germany, and France, and the whole pot boiling, for lacking fellowship.

You get me? Fellowship is the thing the world lacks; and before any of us can say "Boo" to the world (long before any of us can really say "Be of good cheer" to the world) it is well to realise that some of us lack it most of the time and most of us lack it some of the time.

It's the only thing the world wants, and we can come at it only in one way. We must all get into training.

The place we meet in doesn't matter. We might meet in the Banqueting Hall of the City Chambers, and have free taxis to take us there. That might swell our chests, but it wouldn't serve our purpose.

We might have as our first four speakers, the Prime Minister, the Poet Laureate, Mussolini, and Haile Selassie. That might swell our numbers, but it would not further our pledge.

We might have steak and kidney pie at every meeting. That might swell our — Well anyway, you see what I mean. . . .

The question is not 'do we want fellowship?' Everybody does. The question is, are we prepared to pay the price?

And the price is—coming to give ourselves for the night to the speaker, be he good or bad; to our neighbour, be he down and out or up and in; and to whatever is on, whether it is a highflyer or a flop. Then is the Spirit born that all of us are seeking.

If we are pledged to that Spirit, what will happen to the session 1935/36 of our Fellowship? One of two things—either we will get so large that we won't know what to do for the crowds that press in; or we will become so small that we will be tempted to imagine that we have lost our way.

But if we keep on "paying the price" there is no doubt at all that it will be a rich session, for it will bring us to our knees, either in Thanksgiving, or in fear. And no decent thing has ever been cultivated yet, in garden or in fellowship, till men have got down upon their knees.

G. F. M.



## IV - Not Yet

The Light Knight, the duplicated news-sheet of the South Western Area, produces the following, "with acknowledgments to the unknown author."

WE'VE petrol pumps, both red and blue  
Electric Hares—and Putting Greens,  
And Char-a-bancs for fifty-two,  
And Tubes and Cigarette Machines.

We've Telephones—and Cinemas,  
We have the Wireless Magazine,  
And Parliament—and Poison Gas,  
And Battleships—and Bethnal Green.

And that is just a few of them—  
The mighty schemes we have in hand . . . .  
But we've not yet "built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land."



## V - Where Are They Now?

*As we are in a verse-lifting mood, this ingenious confusion of phonetics and sense, which we take from the Sao Paulo Bulletin seems to make a point on Natural History and old fossils in general. The author acknowledges the courtesy of the proprietors of Shell.*

WITH any pleasure, of the Great Auk  
I am unable to tauk,  
And anything said of the Brontosaurus  
Will, without fail, baurus.

A lecture, to mixed company, on the Megatherium,  
Would werium;  
And if you mention the Macrauchenia  
I will benia.

About all these, only one good thing can be said:  
They are all dead,  
Because they could not stay the distance  
In the struggle for existence.



# CHRISTMAS IN HOSPITAL

*Another article by a member who wrote in the August number on "doing nothing successfully" during a long illness in hospital.*

**P**REPARATIONS for Christmas in Hospitals get under weigh early in the autumn. Usually the hospital authorities allow each ward a certain sum to cover decorations and extra luxuries, whilst the sisters and nurses scrounge, beg and borrow any additional money required or else make up the difference amongst themselves. In the majority of wards little collecting boxes are placed to receive contributions from departing patients and visitors towards the expenses of the festivities.

Patients begin about November to make flowers and garlands, and assist in folding and fastening paper chains. The walls and ceilings must be well covered so that patients may forget, if only for a few hours, hospital life and all that it means. To achieve this, yards and yards of coral and streamers are hung from end to end, and the walls are covered with long crêpe pictures or coloured crêpe.

Many are the styles of decoration employed. For instance, the ward where I resided last Christmas, was made into the deck of a pleasure cruiser and every patient had his own lifebelt and sailor hat. Thanks to the kindness and co-operation of various railway companies and shipping concerns, there were large posters depicting scenes *en route*, although these ports ranged from Scotland, the Fiords and North Ireland to the Sunnier Islands of the Mediterranean!

A glass penelled isolation ward was made into the Isle of Capri. Here were palm-trees consisting of window-poles covered with wool-waste and brown paper bearing large crêpe-paper leaves stretching towards the sun, whilst the roots disappeared into the sand-buckets! On

Christmas Eve, thanks to the wit of one patient, the palm-tree showed its fruit—three large coconuts!

There were two large models showing on the Island—a large Casino and a Steamer, both of which had been made by an ex-patient. Other wards were decorated as Taverns, Chinese Streets, Pagodas and, of course, 'Fairyland' in the childrens' wards.

Christmas posts brought hundreds of Christmas cards and parcels. These were passed from patient to patient. Stories were told of the senders and the feeling of being forgotten was soon lost. Old patients sent small parcels and gifts to long-stayers on the ward.

## Father Christmas Keeps Faith

Then, on Christmas Eve, came the first functions of the season. A carol service had been arranged by the nurses. They went from ward to ward singing two or three carols in each building. In their long, navy-blue capes and hoods, the girls gathered together carrying lanterns so that they presented a picture strangely suggesting the old-time carollers of the Stuart and Elizabethan order. The candles flickered in the half-light and the everyday costumes made the scene extremely fantastic.

Whilst these activities were in progress, good old Father Christmas was flitting from ward to ward leaving parcels and stockings beside the beds of tiny tots who, by nature of their complaints or injuries, were compelled to spend Christmas amongst adults and not on the children's wards.

In spite of the wakefulness of these excited little patients, it did not occur to them that the familiar night-sister making

her rounds as usual was acting as deputy for the delightful old gentleman. Many must have wondered how he managed to creep into the ward without even 'Night Nurse' detecting him!

Amongst my companions were three boys and we had great difficulty in retaining for one lad the blissful illusion concerning Santa Claus, since his bedfellow was one of those enlightened sophisticated modern children who knew that Father Christmas could not come through the radiator of the ward!

### The Christmas Feast

Christmas Day opened with more excitement for the nurses and patients in giving and sharing little presents. Breakfast was another thrill—extra diet was allowed and the Cooks were busy frying sausages and preparing ham and eggs.

Then during the day came visits from the Mayor and Mayoress, telegrams from all sorts of people, including the local Member of Parliament, and then the daily inspection by the doctor whose wife diagnosed whether the patient was suffering from 'hexcitement' or 'hindigestion.'

Christmas Dinner is always the fullest meal ever seen in any hospital. Almost unlimited selection—roast turkey, brussels sprouts, baked turnips, baked and mashed potatoes—all hopelessly incorrect accord-

ing to yesterday's and to-morrow's diet list but perfectly in order for Christmas Day.

Then Sister entered the ward bearing a Christmas pudding flaming away. The only time that brandy is used for a happy purpose in hospital—usually it is given as a stimulant or else to flavour some objectionable medicine or aperient!

In the afternoon, instead of the usual siesta came a concert by the nurses. For most of the patients this is the first time that they have seen the girls in any clothes other than the severe uniforms. Weeks of hard work have been put into the sketches and songs that are performed, and the rehearsals have taken place whilst the girls have been studying for examinations.

An exciting supper follows—tea and supper combined. Sister has taken a leaf out of the notebook of our mothers—she has stored several cakes and bottles of lemonade 'for another day.'

By the New Year the decorations have been cleared away. The only celebration is perhaps a secret orgy of biscuits and hot milk arranged by the watchful night-nurse when the clock chimes the birth of the New Year.

On Christmas Day, old patients return to the wards to visit old comrades. In confidence, you all know now where I shall spend part of Christmas Day this year!

FRANK A. KING.

### Traveller

*First news of ALEC CHURCHER on his voyage to New Zealand reaches the JOURNAL in the welcome form of verses, written on board s.s. Orsova in the Indian Ocean on October 1.*

Arrow through air  
Leaving no trace,  
Bird flying south  
Trackless through space,  
Passes the traveller,  
Passes, is gone;  
Lost even the shadow  
When the sun has shone.

Passes the traveller  
Nor pauses to hear  
Breath-taking whisper  
Of Truth in his ear;  
Misses the rapture  
Of Beauty's embrace  
For a touch of her hair  
On his hurrying face.

Of Beauty, of Truth  
What can he learn  
Who glimpses in passing  
But does not return?  
For Beauty, for Truth  
What can he care  
Who passes but stays not  
To listen, to stare?

## TOC H AND THE NAVY

*The following shows the way in which Toc H can work in the Royal Navy, as seen by a serving sailor and Toc H member.*

IT is an indisputable fact that the Service has got the Toc H bug badly, even though in actual numbers we are rather scanty. For years now the pioneers have been getting at folk by the good old personal touch—in quiet cafés under foreign climes and during those long intimate foc'sle walks the foundations have been well and truly laid. The good news has been slowly and well pumped into all sorts of likely fellows, followed up by the good news from JOURNALS and such like, and then visits to all kinds of units in the World's seaports where Navy ships call. One has no difficulty in finding folk who are willing to listen to this funny new thing which we are trying to put over. The Service is now attracting from outside fellows of higher standards of living and education, who often, on attuning their ideas to their mode of living, find that there is something definitely missing. Most folk have a certain amount of potential energy which is not directed and put into useful channels, tends to over-run and become untidy, so that the energy which could be put to good account is left to go to seed and perish. This is obviously where Toc H enters the lists. Frequently by a helping word and example at the right moment one is able to renew that faith which may be ebbing away and to provide something clean and brave for a fellow to put his mind to.

Even when fellows have been in for a fairish time, many tend to feel lonely, not only in body but more so in spirit, and their inner self craves for real friendship, which, after all is only what we call fellowship. Many get self-centred, especially on foreign stations, and in both

these cases Toc H comes along as a glorious pick-me-up and salvation for ideals.

One is struck by the obvious similarity of the spirit of Toc H in its family life and the conditions of living in the Service. The very act of living together in love and joy and peace is an experiment which all folk of all ranks have to make on entry, and the success or otherwise of this experiment makes or mars individual lives and that of one's ship. We know that an efficient ship is a happy one and the efficiency is based on the right type of discipline. Service discipline is considered to be about the highest form of discipline, yet, contrary to general opinion, it is based not on harshness but rather on a complete understanding between officer and man. This is particularly noticeable in smaller ships where close living means a more complete Family spirit. So one does find on experience that the old fear that Toc H and Service matters do not mix is really washed out and Toc H can be just as embracing as one can get it ashore. Those of us who have been with officers in working units know how well they do pull their weight and the only pity is that there are not enough of them. I think one is perfectly safe in claiming that the Senior Service has ever had the spirit as expressed in Toc H—the greatest sailor we ever had, the incomparable Nelson, knew the value of the team and family spirit and we have stories of his Band of Brothers during his service.

That Toc H is a growing and lively force in the Service is in no little way concerned with a very wise move by the Powers-that-be to discontinue the units in ships. The previous method led to much

misunderstanding and unfortunate impressions can be only too easily seen by remarks passed by folk even now. Now, with operations directed from units ashore, we lose all possibilities of unhappy situations and that nasty sense of insularity. While units in ships are taboo, the getting-together of members, which after all is only a meeting, is a very near and dear thing in one's working day in ship life. Service folk before going on a cruise stock up with literature which serves a double purpose: (1) in keeping one in touch and (2) in being extremely useful to pass on to people interested both on board and ashore at the places where ships call. Some ships with opportunities and the numbers run Study Circles which prove successful on long and sometimes very boring cruises. At any rate there's always the joy of a yarn during the dog watches with one's fellow members and beneficial discussions on all sorts of subjects.

Contacts with units and stray members at the various ports of call are both in-

structive and invigorating for both parties. The Naval fellows bring tidings and ideas from Home and Foreign parts and the shore contacts provide more local problems for the sailor to bite on. There are many stories of the power for good a keen Naval crowd can be. One which is in mind is of a crowd who, on journeying up country to a small British community, found the local Toc H despondent and thinking of chucking it. Some hard talking concluding with Family prayers, which had fallen into abeyance because of the absence of a Padre, left the unit with renewed courage and they carried on and pulled themselves together.

Naval fellows can "make their numbers," find jobs and do them and keep tally with the family by presenting their Journeyman's Passport to shore units. The greatest job done, however, is by the units where Navy folk congregate, which by virtue of their unique position and personnel are power houses for Toc H. We send out fellows to the ends of the earth with the good news. E. R. A.

## THE CHURCH'S CREW

TUBBY, on board H.M.S. Beagle in the Mediterranean, sends us the following "anonymous R.N. classic." He says that "its humour is intense to all gun's crews, since almost every phrase is from the drill-book."

The Church's crew consists of seventeen men:—

The Parson,  
The Verger,  
Two Churchwardens,

The Organist, assisted by a body of men numbering twelve, who, for drill purposes, will be known as the Choir.

*At the Order "Number":*

The Parson will call "One";  
The Verger will call "Two";  
The Organist will call "Three";  
and so on as taught in squad drill.

*At the Order "Close Up":*

The Parson only, moving at the double, will

repair to the vestry, where he will provide himself with surplice and cassock, and the necessary gear of office, at the completion of which he will return to the Church and place himself in rear of the lectern.

The Order "Close Up" having been given, the remaining numbers will close up as follows:—

The Verger provides himself with a cassock and places himself on the West End of the Aisle.

The Organist will provide himself with the necessary music and place himself or take up his position in rear of the Organ.

The Churchwardens will take up their positions in the Church pews as detailed.

The Choir, having provided themselves with Cassocks and Surplices, will take up their positions in the Choir pews—six on each side and facing inboard.

#### *Duties of the Church's Crew:*

The Parson, who is responsible for the correct working of the Church, will conduct himself in a Priest-like manner.

The Organist will be responsible for the correct working of the Organ and is directly responsible to the Vicar for the training and singing of the Choir.

The Verger is responsible for the correct working of the Church inside and out, also for Prayer Books, etc., and should acquaint himself with the various members of the congregation, and their positions when closed up for service.

The Churchwardens are responsible for the Collection.

The Choir are, under the Organist, directly responsible for the Harmony of the Church and should make it their duty to sing in a loud and audible voice.

#### *At the Order "Cast Loose":*

All members will clear away first any obstruction in the way of working the Church.

The Parson will double into the Vestry and see his gear handy, should he require it any time. He will see his Altar clear, Book-markers correct, Lectern and Pulpit cleared away, and see his Vicker's clock is in working order and shipped in the Pulpit.

The Organist will double down below and open Air Pressure to the Organ, at the same time giving the caution "Stand clear of the Stops." He will then see that his power is adjusted, and will run his Organ through the Scales both Treble and Bass, and in conjunction with the Vicar will test all Church Communications.

When called for, he will report—"Organ cleared and in hand, Air Pressure opened, Mirrors focussed, Power adjusted, Music ready, Communications correct."

The Verger will first go outside the Church, see his Tombstones cleared away and upright, and clear away any obstruction in the way of the Congregation. He will return

into the Church, see everything in the "Cleared Away" position, Font full and Hymn-Tales correct." The Churchwardens will provide themselves with bags or plates for collecting the offering.

#### *At the Order "Test Safety and Interlocking Gear":*

The Organist will try to play his Organ with all the stops in. This should be impossible.

He will then endeavour to play his Organ without the Choir or Congregation. This should be impossible.

The Parson, in conjunction with his crew, will endeavour to sing the "Te Deum" before the Psalms. This should be impossible.

#### *At the Caution Hymn No. . . . :*

The Congregation will seize their Hymn Books, and the Choir, rising as one man and glancing at the Hymn Tell-Tale Board, will open their books at the right place.

The Organist will now perform the first two bars of the tune upon the Organ, at the conclusion of which the Congregation will rise to their feet.

Taking the lead from the Parson, the Choir will sing the Hymn as before detailed, the Congregation joining in as convenient. The Service will be carried out as per Drill Book, the Parson completing the same with the Sermon or Address as before detailed.

#### *At the Order "Cease Fire":*

The Parson will at once adopt the quickest method of concluding his Sermon, at the same time his Vicker's Clock.

The Service having been completed, the "Secure" will be sounded by the Organist.

The Parson, leaning his body slightly forward, will step off with the left foot and lead his way into the Vestry to a suitable accompaniment by the Organist. Whereupon the Congregation will rise, collect their impediments and leave the Church by the shortest possible route.

The Organist will shut off pressure to his Organ and see it left 'in Hand.' He will then proceed to the Vestry, muster the crew and report them to the Parson, who will give the order for them to be dismissed.

## "I CAME, I SAW"

*An L.W.H. Probationer looks at the Family.*

IT'S difficult to think back to the days when I hadn't heard of Toc H, though it's really only a matter of months since a vague awareness became a first-hand acquaintance. But I can remember my first visit to the Room. "Don't be surprised at it, will you?" said my mentor. "It's quite a nice room, really, but it's in a *crypt*." Visions of subterranean passages, of rats and spiders resolved themselves into a flight of stone steps, and then the square-shaped primrose-coloured room. Groups of people stood around chatting easily, and without formal introduction, I seemed to plunge straight into an animated conversation about slum-clearance, somebody's new hat, and what Toc H really stood for. I noticed two bent sticks hanging up over the arch at the end. "Do they mean anything?" I asked. "Oh, they're pinched from the next branch," explained my neighbour lightly. And immediately several of them were off—swapping reminiscences of decidedly doubtful proceedings. And then in the midst of the laughter and fun, the Chairman took his place at the table. The ceremony of Light in its moving simplicity followed, and is always linked in my mind with those lines of Robert Nicholls:—

*"For there in the topmost chamber a  
gold-eyed lamp was lit,  
Marvellous lamp in the darkness,  
redeeming, informing it."*

A talk by a visiting member followed; an informal discussion gave a more personal slant to the "Four Points of the Compass." And then the simple words of the Chairman, "Toc H is before all else a Family, and so it is natural to end with family prayers." And so the evening closed with the familiar collect for light in darkness endued with new significance.

Since that first "Combined Evening," I have attended many L.W.H. meetings, I have read books and pamphlets, I have visited All Hallows, and if I can sum it all up in words at all, it seems to me that there are two aspects of Toc H which have impressed me most. First, its attitude to social problems. I think it's dreadfully easy for thoughtful people to fall into the attitude of that girl in *Punch*—do you know the one—she's reclining in a comfortable hammock with tears streaming down her face. "Oh, I'm so dreadfully upset. The maid's ill, and poor Mother's got to do all the work!" It is not sufficient to recognise and weep over the difficulties of the world, we have got to put them right, and so idealism runs parallel with practical service, and fellowship spreads the Gospel without preaching it.

And the other aspect is none the less true, though very difficult to explain. Everyone is challenged by the facts of pain and suffering, the "endlessness of sorrow" is a stern reality which must be faced if the need of the world is to be met. The Christian is convinced that there *is* an answer, but what so often makes the Atonement so difficult to explain is the feeling that all that we mean by "Redemption" is very far away—outside the range of ordinary human experience. But the very existence of Toc H witnesses to the triumph of love over human suffering and sin, and the Elder Brethrens' loving sacrifice is seen to have become a channel through which the regenerating power of God is pouring into the world. So through them we link our individual lives to the saints and saviours of all ages—bound together in that living Presence which is Christ.

B. C.



## THE FRINGE OF ROMANCE

*The Banner of a Branch or Group is not meant to be reckoned as a symbol of Toc H in the same sense as a Lamp of Maintenance or a Rushlight. It is but the label which shows others on festival occasions where the men come from who bear it. But there is no reason why labels should not be beautiful, as many of our Banners are. They may also have a history of their own, and such a history as follows seems well worth recording. It concerns the Banner of Caterham Branch which was dedicated on October 30 last.*

THE story of the fringe to our banner begins just before the First Battle of Ypres, 1914. The Clergy of Ypres Cathedral, intent to save the treasures of their Church from the destruction which they feared must come, had concealed them in the cellars beneath the Cloth Hall. Here candlesticks, crucifixes, tapestries and vestments all remained intact throughout the First and Second Ypres Battles, while Cathedral and Cloth Hall crumbled and their glories vanished beneath the bombardment.

Six months later, some nuns from the Convent of Locre, searching among the ruins of the Cloth Hall, found there the hidden treasures of the Cathedral, and returned with them to their Convent for safe-keeping. There, while the fighting continued, they spent themselves in the service of the wounded and of the many children rendered homeless and parentless by the war. Three hundred such were housed and cared for in the Convent, until the limited resources of the Mother Superior and her nuns were exhausted. Those who knew her, came to regard the Mother Superior as "that most saintly lady," and so indeed she was. For months she was there to meet every ambulance, and night and day she and her nuns would tend the wounded. French, English, Belgian, German—all were alike to her: to her each was a suffering human life, and in each she saw that spark of the divine which even the horror of war could not quench.

But meanwhile, Divisional H.Q. had moved to Locre, and in charge of the Divisional mess was one of the future members of our Branch, who, for the purposes of this story shall be called "X." He himself, with others, was billeted in the Convent, and the plight of the nuns in their work for the wounded and the children was immediately apparent.

X was able to do much to help them in their difficulties by distributing to them the surplus stores supplied to the mess. He also succeeded in obtaining further supplies from the neighbourhood, and ultimately (with the blessing of the War Office) from England. In short, he was instrumental in enabling the nuns to continue their labour of love and helpfulness amongst those who needed both. The gratitude of them all was unbounded.

The time came for X to leave Locre. Before he went, however, he saw to it that the supplies to the Convent were ensured, and the wonderful work of the nuns went on. With him he took a table-centre of lace worked by the novices and, as a parting gift from the Mother Superior, the gold fringe from a vestment of the Bishop of Ypres. "Keep this," she said, "as a remembrance." And so the fringe, which had lain for so long beneath the Cloth Hall, found its way into an army pack and journeyed to and fro in it until, after the loss of Kemmel Hill, the General sanctioned its transmission home to England. Thither, in 1918, X followed it, and the fringe was treasured by him and his wife in the hope that some day they might find an appropriate way of making use of it.

Then, in 1932, Toc H Caterham came into being, with X as one of its early members. In 1935, the Group was invited to apply for its Lamp, and the need for a banner being felt, what more fitting than that the fringe should encircle it? Born in Poperinghe, with the Ypres Cross as its emblem, Toc H in Caterham should have the fringe from Ypres for its banner.

With his mind made up, X's gift of the fringe to the Caterham Branch was soon made, and eagerly accepted, and in August of this year X went on pilgrimage to Poperinghe. But the convent had been

demolished, the nuns and the Mother Superior had gone, and considerable enquiry was necessary before she was located at the Convent of St. Vincent, at Gits, near Roulers. A telephone call to her, and that kindly voice was heard again. X's voice, too, was recognised at once, and in tears the Mother Superior begged him to come and see her. He went. He told her of the use to which her fringe was to be put and (knowing much

about Toc H) she rejoiced, enjoining X to acquaint her of the date and time of the Service of dedication.

Thus it came about that, when our Banner was dedicated, a Mother Superior and her nuns at the Convent of St. Vincent, near Roulers, were joining their prayers with ours that Toc H Caterham may be used of God, and that our banner may point the way to Him.

## DEATH OF A HOSTEL

*Though the name "BLEAK HOUSE" unlocks the hearts of many, it may be meaningless to others. It refers to a 'pub' in a Manchester slum converted by Toc H under PAT LEONARD first into a hostel with F. G. CHEVASSUT as Warden and then into an all-night coffee bar run by a rota of Manchester Toc H led by GREENO. It was condemned and reconditioned, re-opened by COLIN STEVENSON as a hostel and Poor Man's Lawyer centre, closed again and resurrected by the persistence of JOHN BOSTOCK who lately married and was succeeded by KEN LLOYD. Now the damp is in again upstairs and Central Houses Committee have condemned it as too unhealthy for a hostel and quite reasonably refuse to recondition a house in an area which has been scheduled under a slum clearance scheme. HULME GROUP and other daytime activities will carry on.*

WHEN a good Lancastrian dies in his season, they "bury him with ham" and there is a family re-union over a good tea: talk naturally lingers lovingly over the virtues of the dead man but the living family holds the stage and bereavement becomes the occasion for creative joy.

So it was at Bleak House, Hulme, Manchester, when John Bostock invited all its friends to come and celebrate its death as a Toc H Hostel. A providentially unpleasant shower enabled everyone to squeeze into the bar, and by strictly rationing the smoke, breathing was made possible. John was the leader, and there were songs, and short talks by ex-wardens and by representatives of present-day jobs. Then two initiations and "Light"; and after, ham sandwiches. Greeno spoke: his main theme was "fellowship," the unchanging kernel of Toc H's job. The world knew of the spectacular coffee bar but did not realise that its great and permanent good lay in the fellowship found there by individuals. Toc H did not and must not get all sentimental about the end of the coffee bar and now of the hostel: in 1926 Pat Leonard

had truly said, "At this stage . . . a coffee bar is needed." The stage had passed and Toc H must again not be afraid to experiment in new things.

Then John took charge again, and having bid us cheer Warden Ken Lloyd's fiancée for her continued unselfishness and Mrs. Derbyshire, the Housekeeper, for her cheerful patience, he asked Greeno to declare the House closed; and instructed the family to seal this by an unanimous gust of laughter. Owing to his example the laughter was quite genuine and was fitly followed by prayers in the chapel.

Several pictures remain in the memory: of Greeno and Fuzzy, the first two Wardens, sitting on the doorstep and making friends with the neighbours; of sleepy-eyed "bar tenders" on the morning after their shift; of Freddie Davies playing a gramophone for six Wednesdays to the same six men; of John Bostock's six months vigil as Warden and sole hosteller.

So long as it inspires humble "guts" Bleak House can afford to be a legend.

G. J.

## MAKING YOUR MARK

**T**O many members of Toc H, the term "Mark" means little or nothing: to some, mention of the word is sufficient to make them 'go up in smoke.' If you who read this are ignorant of Marks, or if you are severely critical of their accomplishments, do not turn a blind eye to the rest of this effusion, for it is intended mainly for you.

There appears to be a very general impression abroad that the inhabitants of a Mark are all keen and experienced members, very mixed in age, occupation, education and outlook, but all inspired with the finest ideals of Toc H and well fitted to realise them. Hence there may be some members who hardly dare consider themselves worthy to live in a Mark. There are certainly some who expect very great things from a Mark Unit, and are sometimes disappointed—or even indignant—when their expectations are not fully realised. But the average Mark Unit is up against several difficulties which do not as a rule confront other Units. Some of these difficulties are mentioned below.

Life in a Mark has been well described as "An experiment in corporate living on Christian lines," and in most Marks there does exist a good family spirit, so that a new hosteller seldom, if ever, feels himself a stranger after his first day or two in a Mark. But nearly all our new hostellers are young men who have recently left school and are beginning new jobs. Few of them know very much of Toc H, and many of them know nothing, except that some kind friend has recommended a Mark as a place of residence. It is even

true that some employers commend junior employees to us because the house is "a good address"! About one new hosteller in six is a member, though most of them become members in course of time, if they stay long enough. But the average period of residence, in London Marks, is about nine months, so there is often a break in the period of probation, if nothing worse.

Obviously, then, a Mark needs a certain number of older men, able to undertake the responsibility of training these younger ones. There is plenty of very good material in every house, but so often there is lack of experienced leaders, the average age being 22 or 23.

It must frequently happen that a member comes from a provincial unit to London or to another town where there is a Mark. But, through ignorance, apathy, antagonism or what not, he does not attempt to live in a Mark, and the family there is deprived of his energy and enthusiasm and the fresh ideas which he might contribute to the common stock. The keen member may rest assured that he can do a most useful job in any Mark by his presence as one of the family. If he be a critic, let him be fair-minded enough to study at first hand the object of his criticism. If he thinks (as some do) that there is a tendency for Marks and other units to drift apart, let him 'Live in' and try to draw them closer together.

Perhaps you who read this can, if you will, answer this challenge, now or at some future date. If not, then you may know of others who could; and doubtless a word of advice or suggestion will work wonders.

R. L. W.

## CHRISTMAS SEALS

FROM time to time our members are puzzled by seeing the Double Cross on stamps—for instance on many of the postage stamps of Belgium. Other stamps (they are more properly 'seals'), which are privately issued and are not valid for postal purposes, also bear it. Close observers will notice that this Double Cross has pointed ends and is not quite the same as our badge: it comes, not from the arms of Ypres, but from those of Godfrey of Bouillon. On all these stamps it

implies a contribution to national work for the prevention of tuberculosis. This use of the symbol and the idea of thus collecting money first occurred to a Danish postal clerk, Einar Holboell, about 1900, and has since spread to nearly every country. Anyone who wishes thus to convey Christmas greetings and help a great cause can obtain these stamps (½d. each) from Christmas Seal Sale for Tuberculosis, Tavistock House North, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

### E. & O. E.

OCTOBER 31, or the Registrar's nightmare has come and gone, and another Toc H financial year has passed away; there now remains only the problem of the inevitable inquest.

It would appear to be an excellent idea to submit preliminary evidence on the figures of the past year in the December JOURNAL, instead of keeping the anxious family in suspense until the *Annual Report* is published in April, 1936. Incidentally, such information at this early stage should enable us to know exactly how we stand for the new financial year and what we have to aim at in order to keep the family coach running. An obvious advantage, this, in view of the fact that we have developed the bad habit of procrastination by waiting until the year is six months old before making a move in this part of our job.

The Headquarters and Areas section of the Accounts have been prepared for audit and disclose the disquieting news that there is a deficit of £3,508 7s. 9d. on the finances for the year. We fervently hope that this figure will be improved by a surplus on the Marks and Hostels, but in any event this surplus will be small owing to the considerable expenditure upon reconditioning our properties.

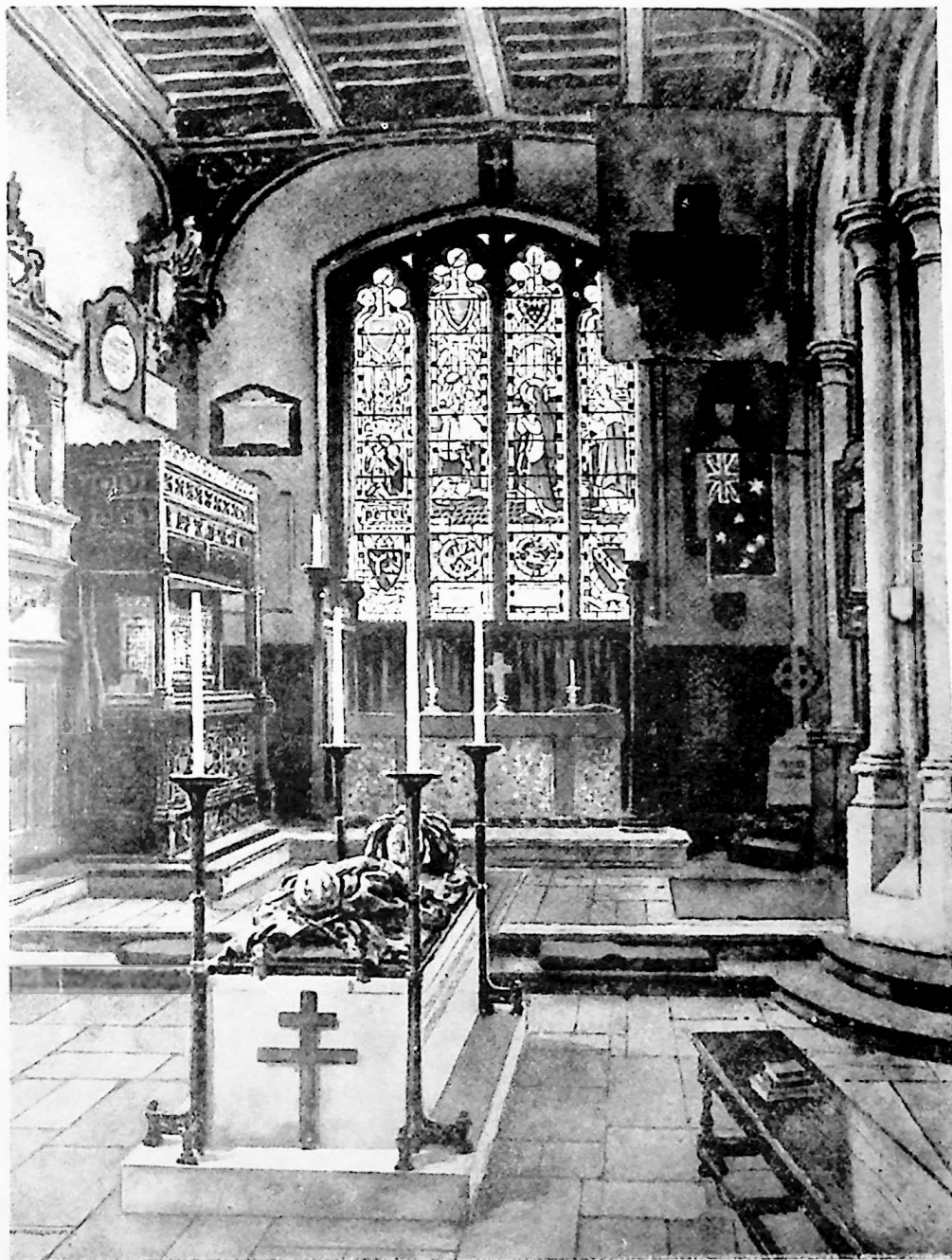
Expenditure for the year has amounted to £32,547, and Income to £29,038, and of the latter amount the following sums, totalling £13,428, have been given by members:—Donations, £2,714; Builders' subscriptions, £1,726; Branch and Group contributions,

£5,174; Membership subscriptions and Capitation fees, £3,325; Chaplaincy donations £339; and Legacies, £150. In addition, they have subscribed £554 to the Overseas Fund. This is good, but it will be seen that in proportion to Income from other sources our own subscriptions are still low. Nevertheless there is a definite indication that if we all, as members of Toc H, face up to our financial obligations to the Movement and assess ourselves in accordance with our means, the thing can be done. It is not beyond us to make the wheels of our family coach revolve steadily during this and future years without having to implore the assistance of Mr. Barclay of banking fame. We only have to bear in mind that *an average weekly contribution of one penny per member* will produce about £8,000 in a year, to know that this task is not an impossible one.

Members will be interested to know the collective results of their efforts towards the maintenance of Toc H as a whole, and figures of Contributions and Builders, for the past year and the preceding one.

The figures which are as shown on the next page conclude the preliminary evidence. More will follow later, but in the meantime we must look to the future. As for the past, we should spend only a sufficient amount of our time in studying it to enable us to benefit from our experiences; otherwise we may accomplish nothing beyond talk.

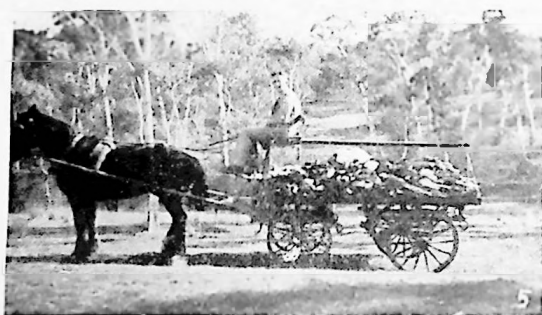
W. J. M.



THE NORTH CHAPEL OF ALL HALLOWS BERKYNGBURGH CHURCH.

The Prince's Lamp of Maintenance stands, perpetually lit, on Sir John Croke's tomb on the left. In the centre lies the recumbent effigy of Alfred Forster, by Cecil Thomas, which is a monument to the Elder Brethren of the War. On the right hangs a flag presented by L.W.H. Australia and the Red Cross flag which flew over Essex Farm dressing station, near Ypres. (From a watercolour by W. Haslehurst, by courtesy of Messrs. Benrose and Sons, Ltd.)





## HOW TO GET A LOAD OF FIREWOOD.

A Returned Soldier in South Australia needs a few loads of firewood urgently. Blackwood Group offers to provide them—and does. Here is the simple domestic drama in progress:—1. Members have selected and 'grubbed' their tree; they have just thrown a lasso into the branches; the tree totters; suspense—! 2. The 'forest giant' is laid low; the executioners stand by. 3. Danger—men at work! 4. The grocer's trolley is commandeered to clear the morning's work. 5. The third morning—the last load being delivered. (The horse is an unofficial member of the Group.) 6. Christmas delivery. The round of the district began about 4.30 a.m. and, at 9 a.m., is just finished: Father Christmas presents the driver with a trumpet.

# COMPARATIVE TABLE OF THE FINANCIAL YEARS 1933-34 AND 1934-35.

Area	YEAR ENDED OCTOBER 31, 1934.				*	YEAR ENDED OCTOBER 31, 1935.			
	No. of Units	Contributions £ s. d.	Builders £ s. d.	Total £ s. d.		No. of Units	Contributions £ s. d.	Builders £ s. d.	Total £ s. d.
Northern London	31	229 12 3	23 19 1	253 11 4		31	229 6 1	27 11 3	256 17 4
Southern London	38	282 7 9	47 10 7	329 18 4		49	303 12 2	65 10 5	369 2 7
Eastern London	31	151 15 6	18 18 8	170 14 2		32	163 3 7	20 1 11	183 5 6
Western London	30	218 18 9	34 18 5	253 17 2		29	249 0 9	41 12 6	290 13 3
Kent . . . . .	80	468 17 7	184 18 10	653 16 5		40	279 6 7	87 17 0	367 3 7
Surrey & Sussex						33	255 4 6	101 10 0	356 14 6
Eastern . . . . .	51	254 15 4	84 9 0	339 4 4		57	329 16 5	115 0 0	444 16 5
East Midlands . . . . .	79	419 15 0	94 18 6	514 13 6		90	449 3 4	108 10 1	557 13 5
West Midlands . . . . .	58	313 4 5	57 7 6	370 11 11		61	369 7 2	48 18 6	418 5 8
Exp. (Shrewsbury)	20	164 17 4	69 11 0	234 8 4		37	242 6 11	97 16 0	340 2 11
West Yorks . . . . .						57	257 13 11	131 8 3	389 2 2
East Yorks . . . . .	79	248 16 0	155 4 3	404 0 3		24	94 6 0	13 10 0	107 16 0
Northern . . . . .	49	161 4 7	49 0 0	210 4 7		36	131 13 10	80 11 0	212 4 10
Manchester & North-Western	114	398 17 9	283 5 2	682 2 11		63	236 1 2	108 2 6	344 3 8
Western . . . . .	23	155 4 2	40 0 0	195 4 2		72	224 18 9	193 1 11	418 0 8
South-Western . . . . .	39	177 10 5	65 18 0	243 8 5		33	207 16 10	51 7 0	259 3 10
Southern . . . . .	59	248 8 11	74 19 0	323 7 11		43	299 4 4	75 12 5	374 16 9
Scotland Central						63	326 10 11	88 8 3	414 19 2
do. Experimental	44	275 10 10	131 2 0	406 12 10		37	188 17 3	62 18 3	251 15 6
Northern Ireland	16	53 18 0	29 16 8	83 14 8		14	79 0 0	61 10 0	140 10 0
South Wales . . . . .	50	151 17 0	72 15 0	224 12 0		17	58 12 6	36 7 0	94 19 6
Headquarters . . . . .	891	4,375 11 7	1,518 11 8	5,894 3 3		969	5,147 12 0	1,686 4 8	6,833 16 8
		8 12 9	1,556 18 3	1,565 11 0			26 6 8	3,964 16 1	3,991 2 9
		£4,384 4 4	£3,075 9 11	£7,459 14 3			£5,173 18 8	£5,651 0 9	£10,824 19 5

\* Number of Units as at November 1 in each financial year.



## THE ELDER BRETHREN

F. A. Nichols: Romford Branch

FRANK ARNOLD NICHOLS died on September 25th. His death removes from Romford Branch one of their oldest and best loved members, pilot and secretary.

William Ranshaw: Crayford Group

A well-known figure in Crayford, a popular and respected citizen and pilot of Crayford Group, WILLIAM RANSHAW died suddenly on October 21st.

A. Munday: Luton Branch

Since the early days of Toc H in Luton, A. MUNDAY was a generous and willing member of the Branch. They are sorry to record his death.

R. F. Knox: Broadstairs Branch

Colonel KNOX, who died on October 23rd, will be greatly missed by the Broadstairs Branch and the neighbourhood in which he

lived, for his quiet and unassuming effectiveness and charm.

Eaton Cooter: Windsor Group

EATON COOTER, who died on October 21st, was a Founder-member of the Windsor Group. First as Pilot and later as Jobmaster he endeared himself to everyone who came into contact with him.

J. H. Wake: Wood Green Branch

After a very short illness, J. H. WAKE passed over on October 26th. A faithful senior member of Toc H, he was the founder in 1929 of the Toc H Stamp Club, which has been a new link between some members and has contributed to Toc H funds.

B. C. Thompson: Berkhamsted Branch

BASIL COLLIS THOMPSON was an active member of the Berkhamsted Branch, and his early death removes a lively and charming character.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ M. B. ELSON (Rio de Janeiro) joined the staff at the end of October and is at present spending a period of training in the North Western Area.

✠ PADRE J. H. OGILVIE left the staff of Toc H at the end of October and sailed for East Africa in November to undertake a ministerial charge in Kenya. The good wishes of his Toc H friends in Scotland will go with him in his new work.

✠ Congratulations to PADRE and Mrs. KENNETH BLOXHAM on the birth of a son. Mrs. Bloxham has, unhappily, been very ill, and it has been a time of great anxiety for them both.

✠ R. F. THOMPSON (Regional Secretary, Eastern Canada) left the whole-time staff on October 31. The Regional Council, in coming to this decision on financial grounds, placed on record its full and grateful appreciation of his work. It is good to know that Bob intends to continue to do all he can to help Toc H in Eastern Canada.

✠ The Hon. Secretary of the Toc H STAMP CLUB is J. J. Wake, 21, Parkwood Avenue, Esher, Surrey, in place of his father.

✠ MARK VI, at 77, Clifford Street, Birmingham, now shelters only the West Midlands Area Office, the old house having been closed to hostellers. It is hoped that a new House in Birmingham, the gift of Sir Herbert Austin, will be opened next April.

✠ The FIRST CONTRIBUTION from a unit towards the needs of the larger family for the new financial year actually reached Headquarters on October 31, before the old year closed. We hope other units will adopt so punctual a habit.

✠ Congratulations to CHICHESTER (Sussex), MOLD (North Wales), OAMARU and WANGANUI (New Zealand) on their promotion to Branch status.

✠ The next issue of the JOURNAL will contain a full announcement regarding the COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVAL, June 15 to July 5, 1936.

## JOBS VARIOUS.—III

### A Wireless Job

WE take the following from *The Mag-et*, the duplicated monthly magazine of Toc H and L.W.H. in the Otago and Southland Region of New Zealand:—

"Towards the end of last year a public-hearted citizen gave us the hint that wireless sets would be greatly appreciated in the Unemployed Camps in isolated parts of Otago and Southland. Toc H took the matter up and an appeal for funds was launched through the medium of the *Evening Star* and all the A and B wireless stations of Dunedin, without whose assistance our appeal could not have met with such success. A sum of over £160 was raised, and out of this sum twelve of the best type of battery-sets were purchased and installed in the Camps by Toc H members. The balance of the money was kept in trust for the maintenance of the sets. The administrative costs of running this scheme have been kept at a minimum, but owing to the effect of Otago Central's climatic condition on the batteries, the cost of maintenance has been high. The fund has now run out and a further appeal will be necessary. As the whole of our previous work will be rendered useless if the maintenance of the sets cannot be continued, we trust that our appeal will meet with a ready response. In conjunction with this work we have been keeping up a supply of magazines and literature at the Camps. Appreciative letters which come to hand from the camps from time to time show some indication of the value of this work. Members should realise that the job was not completed when we made our first appeal, but is a permanent job for our Branch and one that must not be let down."

### Changing the Countryside

New Zealand provides us with a variety of jobs. We have been allowed a glance into the secret files of the General Secretary and have found the reports of two others, both undertaken by the same unit in the Nelson Region.

"This unit provided the complete answer to the statement that there is no place for

Toc H in the country districts. Before Toc H came the settlers were divided by a series of petty feuds and disagreements, but almost the entire male population of the settlement has joined Toc H and all have learned to work together and to respect each other."

Many units at home here will read this, we hope, and cease to despair.

This job of the same unit deserves mention as a commentary, perhaps, upon the foregoing account. They read rather as effects than causes.

"A settler was recently confined to hospital and members arranged to see that his fourteen cows were milked night and morning and his livestock were cared for. Then the group noted that the local school lacked a swimming pool, so they tackled the job of digging one and carried the big task through to a successful conclusion."

Such jobs as these may present themselves more easily to Toc H in New Zealand, but some quite as imaginative and tough could be found and probably are found in the complicated conditions of English country life.

### A Hair-Raising Business

Shifting our survey, we still find ourselves in the Antipodes, but now it is in South Australia, where we learn that one Branch has "handed over the haircutting at the Largs Bay Orphanage to the local members of the Hairdressers' Association. They have also been visiting the Orphanage monthly for the last three years, where between eighty and a hundred children are housed by the sisters of St. Joseph—a Roman Catholic order." Visiting of this nature is done, we know, all over the Toc H world, but the age and continuance of the job almost makes it a second job in itself. We know—well so much we know about jobs.

### Santa Claus

It is near Christmas time, and although it is not so usual these days to have snow with that Festival in this country, we turn to WINNIPEG, Canada, which does. BOB HEILD, the District Team Pilot wrote recently about

a Christmas job worked out by one of the District units last year. It is a common job with a twist.

"A member and probationer of one of our units were working at a Government Relief Camp, and while there received an appeal for shoes and clothing for a family living near the Camp. They sent this appeal to their unit, advising the unit that there were seven children, and both parents completely 'up against it'; the children could not go to school as they lacked shoes and clothing, and the parents were in a similar state. The matter was taken up with a manager in a Department Store here, and a donation of the necessary articles was made. Also the unit collected, sorted and packed clothing of every description, and the whole shipment of eighty pounds sent to the two Toc H chaps for distribution. In a letter received from the mother she stated that her home was like

an old-time Christmas when the parcels arrived. This job is interesting as it is through the efforts of the Toc H members, themselves out of work and at a relief camp, who carried out their Toc H principles and thought of service to others whose need was greater than their own."

#### A 'Diggers' Club

A North London unit suggests a job which units in other towns and cities might be glad to try. This unit has started a "Diggers' Club." It is social in purpose, and is for young people of the district who live in "Digs." Through it they are made known to people in tennis and other social clubs around them. The Club meets twice in the week, once on a week-day night and then on the Sunday night. Those who know anything about living in big cities will appreciate the idea behind the job.

## MORNING MEETINGS

BELFAST Toc H seem to have been the first people to realise that a certain proportion of members work during the nights and sometimes find it difficult to share the friendliness of their own Branch or Group meetings.

The idea of "Morning Meetings" arose as a practical way of overcoming this difficulty, and in Belfast they are apparently held in the afternoons instead of in the evenings, as usual.

The Northern Height's District in North London is trying out the same experiment, and those who are interested in the scheme believe there is a definite need to be met. There must be many members of Toc H

living in Northern London who would welcome such a chance to meet others during the day.

Obviously the scheme must extend beyond the limits of any one District, and it is considered to be well worth mentioning to the membership as a whole in the hope that it can be adopted elsewhere.

In the meantime the Northern Heights District is anxious to cast its own net a little wider, so if this note catches the eye of any member or friend who would like to be put in touch with the men who are organising the meetings, he will be well advised to send a card forthwith to the Northern London Area Secretary, 47, Francis St., S.W.1.

## NEW TOC H PAMPHLETS

TWO new Toc H pamphlets are in the press and will appear immediately. The first will, we hope, be a useful addition to the series of 3d. handbooks which already includes those on Jobs, District Teams, Pilots and Toc H in the Royal Navy and in the R.A.F. The new pamphlet, prepared at the request of the Central Executive, deals with *The Treasurer in Toc H* and should be welcomed by all holders of the office in units or Districts.

The second publication is a handbook called *Over There*, for pilgrims to the Salient and the Old House. It replaces, in handy pocket form, *The Old House*, now out of print, which was issued as a Supplement to this JOURNAL in 1930.

## THE OPEN HUSTINGS

### More Revolt

DEAR EDITOR,

While agreeing with B. S. Browne's selection of the questions which confront us to-day ("Should Toc H be in Revolt?" October JOURNAL), may I carry the campaign a step further by substituting the word "problems" for the "dangers" of both previous writers? The significance of this little alteration is that a substantial change in social habits normally indicates the necessity for some revision; and the successful accomplishment of this revision will be just as much a triumph as failure is a disaster.

Opinions must differ on "increased facilities for divorce." Of course some assume as a dogma that there should be no such thing as divorce; for them there is no problem. Many people who have thought about this question, however, will agree that the problem is of quality, not quantity: that at present divorce is impossible where it should be possible, and possible where it should not be. For immorality is the only legal ground for divorce, so that at least half of the people involved in divorce are (in theory) those who are most likely to misuse their opportunity for re-marriage. On the other hand, human nature being fallible, there will always be married couples who are thoroughly incompatible—whose marriage can only be regarded as due to an error in judgment; for these there is no hope, according to existing law, and yet given another chance they might be useful citizens and responsible parents. In any case *there can be no home-life* for such people, so that divorce for them would be neither destruction of home-life nor evasion of parental responsibilities.

Incidentally, I presume that mention of "those foul chemist's shops which increasingly defile the streets of London" is an oblique reference to contraceptives. Even if we decide upon unqualified condemnation, I would ask that our judgment be a *reasoned* one, however difficult we may find the subject.

Under the head of entertainment, may we not distinguish between "amusement" and "recreation"? I should define amusement as a pleasant means of passing time for which there is no more urgent use, while recreation is a form of refreshment which is as essential to the complete life of the normal human being as eating or sleeping. Despite hours of work which are shorter than the average, I seem to find ample extra activities to fill the week (without resorting to mere amusements) and as a matter of policy take Sunday as a day's holiday. Admittedly, one can cut down recreation (or eating or sleeping for that matter), but it is to be regarded as an evil, though sometimes a necessary evil. One thing is certain—Sunday cannot be "kept holy" while there are many people to whom the phrase is really meaningless, and implies only some prohibition of their harmless recreations or amusements.

But the question of Christ and the League of Nations raises a wider issue, where perhaps I can best present my point of view by mentioning that it was from a Toc H member that I first understood the origin of the Communist catch-phrase that religion is merely "dope for the masses." In a discussion of a very material problem his only contribution was an insistence that Christianity was the only solution, while human ways and means he seemed to disregard; such an attitude appears to me entirely contrary to the idea of "training" expressed in the October JOURNAL, that the "mystery" and the "art" should go hand in hand. Thus I should say that a change of heart of nations or Christian attitude of statesmen is, to use mathematical terminology, a necessary but not a sufficient condition for world peace: the spirit must be used to construct the material mechanism, on the one hand treaties and international court of justice, on the other removal of national grievances, whether economic or matters of "honour." (But is not national prestige too frequently "the bubble reputation" of Shakespeare's soldier, rather than the legitimate national equiva-

lent of an individual's self-respect? Perhaps a case for Christian humility.) Then let us refrain from criticism if the League of Nations in planning the mechanism does not open its session with a prayer meeting: there is nothing to prevent the individual delegates from remembering their work in their private prayers. It is surely for the men, not the machine, to "invoke the Prince of Peace." Then, again, it is not the avowed enemies so much as the *active* enemies of Christ that we should fear. Since even avowed Christians are not perfect, we can only hope to progress by taking advantage of the good in men, and turning aside the evil; surely we may accept good from all men, even from those who condemn Christianity—no doubt a more serious fault in our judgment than in that of a Confucian, Buddhist, or Mohammedan.

Admittedly it will take all our strength to tackle any of these questions, but why should it make us "wondrously unpopular?" I repeat that they are *problems*, not mere dangers, and as such are to be tackled by taking the offensive with constructive thinking, not by prohibitions which merely serve to defend an existing position. If Toc H, not content only to guard sternly, will strive to build bravely, it may earn the unspoken gratitude of Everyman.

Yours sincerely,

D. A. BELL.

Chelmsford, Essex.

\* \* \*

DEAR EDITOR,

As a regular reader of the Toc H JOURNAL, I was somewhat surprised to find a criticism like "Should Toc H be in revolt" included in this month's issue.

Although I am quite in agreement with all that Ronnie Wraith wrote in his article, I can respect other peoples' opinions, which apparently the author of the criticism is unable to do. To criticise a very slight misuse of words, as he does, is only begging the question; what Ronnie Wraith meant is quite clear.

His remarks that the article in question, in his opinion, lacks a grip of things as they

really are, and has a pernicious tendency to mislead us into dissipating our energies up blind alleys and over trivialities, shows that he has missed the whole point of the article. What Ronnie Wraith wished to stress was the importance in our spare time of learning to appreciate the beauties of the world, whether in Nature, Literature or Art, in an active manner and not passively as many are inclined to do nowadays, and thereby become better fitted for doing Social Service. Any one who has learnt to appreciate the beauties of Nature to the fullest extent, and this can only be achieved in an active manner by walking, cycling, riding, etc., obtains a nearness to God, and a width of vision, which is bound to have a beneficial effect on the membership of this Unit and in the spreading of Toc H. Surely this cannot be termed as a pernicious tendency and a dissipation of energy.

The desire among many leaders of Toc H to inculcate an active appreciation of the Wonders of the Universe is not retrogressive, as B. S. Browne imagines, but an essential part of Toc H life, and following in the footsteps of One whom so many of us find it convenient to ignore.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. HALL.

Stroud, Glos.

\* \* \*

Bouquets

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

We have had several letters lately decrying the Toc H JOURNAL; may I give a word of appreciation. The November JOURNAL is one of the best I have read. The three articles, "The Mind of Toc H," "John Brown's Membership," and "A Word Game," between them put Toc H in a nutshell—especially the former.

"The Mind of Toc H" has made me (a supposed leader) think more than ever; has given me a stimulus to better work—and, more especially, put me more on my guard against that bugbear of leaders—the danger of trying to make men of a type based on one's own conception of what a Toc H life should be.

The high standard of the JOURNAL, especially with regard to articles such as these, plays no small part, I'm sure, in keeping up the high aims of the Movement.

I hope many other leaders have been stimulated anew to spread the Toc H Spirit between man and man and to MAKE MORE MEN FRIENDS.

Yours sincerely,  
DISTRICT SECRETARY.

\* \* \* \*

DEAR EDITOR,

The correspondence that has been appearing in the JOURNAL of late *re* the JOURNAL has been very interesting, but I doubt very much if there is any real desire for a change to the type you suggested in that glorious lapse of yours, *The Family Tree*. I feel it was welcomed and enjoyed, but only as a lapse. Each succeeding number of the JOURNAL makes me praise it as 'the best ever.'

Yours sincerely,  
SID M. YOUMANS.

Wellington, N.Z.

### A Good Turn

DEAR SIR,

I wish to make an appeal through the medium of the JOURNAL to anyone who cares to take part in a little Christmas Good Turn. The idea is simple, all I ask for are old Christmas Cards.

Your old Christmas Cards are no good to you, while we, with the exertion of a little ingenuity, can turn them into money. The money raised in this way is spent in helping the less well-to-do children of our district.

Admittedly, this appeal has a parochial flavour. That cannot be helped, however, as all attempts to help unfortunate children must be of such a nature. But, I do not ask for something with which you could be help-

ing to brighten the lives of the children of your own district. I merely ask you for something which is of no earthly use to you and your poor children, but which is all the use in the world to us.

The writer will be pleased to receive parcels of cards addressed to the attached address.

C. CARTER-ATKINSON,  
*Shipley Group.*

178, Highfield,  
Idle, Bradford,  
Yorkshire.

### Limited Branch Status

DEAR SIR,

An examination of your latest fascinating "List" supplement shows that there are still in the United Kingdom some forty-eight Branches who cling to the elusive promise of immortality offered by Unlimited Branch Status.

Only the West Midland, Northern, East London, Kent, and Scottish Experimental Areas lack one of these diehards, while on the other hand four Areas can boast (if they wish) thirty or more per cent. of such Branches.

There may be various reasons for this widespread confidence in the tensile strength of laurels. Must we diagnose, in the South, a proud disdain for Time's full hand; in the North a firmly-expressed determination "not to bother"?

Or are forty-eight corporate minds singing the paraphrase, "If Winter never comes, Spring can be out of mind"?

Perhaps it would help (I use the word in a sense complimentary to you, sir) to brighten these pages if some of the *pivotal* men concerned would give their reasons here.

Yours, &c.,

ARCHIE.

Manchester.



# THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

## From Eastern Canada

SINCE Michael Coleman left Mark XIV. Salford and his job as Padre in the North-Western Area in September and set sail for Canada, no news of him has reached his fellow-members through this JOURNAL. Let us gather some first impressions from a letter written by Ray Beck, who is his travelling companion, in October to Pat Leonard. On the second day out in their voyage the *Empress of Britain* struck the gale which in Florida was a disastrous hurricane. They were badly thrown about, but both survived creditably. As usual when Toc H envoys sail in big ships, they were able to hold a "good little meeting in the dining room one evening." The passengers "seemed very keen, and Michael pointed out what excellent ambassadors they could be for Toc H, seeing that they were lucky enough to go on a world-cruise once a year."

Arrived at Quebec they spent an evening with a small team, 'groping' in a small house, and were delighted to find the chairman a Roman Catholic—for barriers between Christians in Canada are "pretty well built and hard to demolish." On the second day they were in Montreal, where Padre Albert Holmes, 'whole-timer' in Eastern Canada, met them from Toronto, and remained with them throughout their stay in the East. Sherbrooke, Ottawa, Bracebridge, Guelph, London and Toronto were visited in turn. In Ottawa, the first night they met the Group "in a snug room beneath a little church,"

and on the second they supped with the L.W.H. in a tea-room managed by one of the members. They had a delightful week-end at Kingston with Dr. Hamilton Fyfe, that redoubtable member, formerly Headmaster of Christ's Hospital, now relinquishing the Vice-Chancellorship of Queen's University to come home as Rector of Aberdeen University. A District Rally at Toronto followed, opened with the smoking of the Indian's pipe of peace (in this case a corn cob): as Albert Holmes is a non-smoker and Ray Beck had never smoked a pipe before this was an amusing ordeal. The rally gave many tokens of the liveliness of Toc H and its work. At Bracebridge, where the local members are kept busy dealing with crowds of Summer tourists, the three visitors, with a fourth, shared two double beds; at London they found themselves crossing the Thames, a small river, by Blackfriars Bridge, to meet a small team which promises well. From Huron College they made the long night journey to Winnipeg, where they had a great welcome. And so 'good-bye' to Eastern Canada: their real mission lies in the West to which they have now gone. "Separated as we are," writes Ray, "by many miles of lakes and trees and pasture-land, and, beyond that, by the great Atlantic, yet in spirit we are indeed close to you all at home, and it is a mighty pleasure to bring this fact home to the units out here and perhaps to help them to take new courage from it."

## Toc H West Yorkshire Area

THE summer months have seen many Units busy with camps for poor boys. South Craven District Team organised a series of twelve week-end camps at Harden, near Bingley, under the leadership of George Lambert, of Bradford. Shipley, Bingley, Bradford and Keighley Units were responsible for finding the boys and providing the necessary man power. Altogether 375 boys were taken to camp.

In the same District, Ilkley Group, in conjunction with Leeds Branch, ran a series of eleven week-end camps, which were enjoyed by over 100 boys. A team of Leeds and Ilkley members shared the work of running the camp each week-end.

Leeds District collaborated with the local Units in running camps for a week at Sedbergh, Skipton and Bedale; about two dozen lads being taken to each place. The



Sedbergh and Bedale camps have now become annual events, but the Skipton effort was a new venture, which it is hoped will be repeated next year. Sheffield District ran twelve week-end camps at Birchfield in conjunction with the *Hope* Group. The 114 boys who were taken were all drawn from the poorer parts of the city. There must have been other camps for boys run by Toc H in West Yorkshire of which we have not heard, but from the accounts received it is evident that Units in the Area have been responsible for some 600 or 700 boys going to camp during the summer.

There has been considerable activity in our Northern parts of recent months. We are glad to welcome to our midst the *Northallerton* Group, which has been transferred from the Northern Area, and the new Groups which have been formed at *Thirsk* and *Leyburn*. These developments have made it necessary to split the old Central Yorks. District into two, and form a new Swale District, comprising *Bedale* and *Crakehall*, *Thirsk*, *Leyburn* and *Northallerton*. The new District has started well, and judging by the amount of inter-visiting that is taking

place, it won't be long before all five Units are thoroughly District 'conscious.'

We have recently had a visit from Eric Brown (Hon. Sec. for the Services) and contact has been made with the Army Depots at Halifax and Pontefract. It is as yet too early to know what the results will be, but we are hopeful that in both cases a permanent link will be forged, and that the Army folk will learn something of Toc H life, and Toc H something of Army life.

Reg Staton, our Marks Pilot, is leaving us in a few days, having been transferred to the Swindon House. Reg has known Toc H in Yorkshire since its earliest beginnings, and certainly no one is better known throughout the three Ridings. The best wishes of Toc H Yorkshire will go with Reg. in his new work. In his place we welcome Alec Gammon, not long returned from the 'Isle of spicy breezes.' Alec will find that our local 'Aire' has not quite the same 'spice' that he has been used to, nor is 'every prospect pleasing'; but we can assure him that whatever the shortcomings of his past associates, we, at any rate, are far from 'vile'; in fact we are confident that after a while he will quite like us!

### From the East Yorkshire Area

We in East Yorkshire now have a "Quarterly" which is published promptly on the first day of every quarter. This distressing promptitude can perhaps be attributed to two factors. First, despite the statement that *The East Wind* (for that's its title) is published from the Area Office, the Area Staff has no hand in its production. Second, the editor waits for no man, and when pressed for copy has risked infringement of copyright, and reprinted articles from back numbers of the JOURNAL. *The East Wind* is intended as an auxiliary to the JOURNAL, and we hope will serve primarily as an Area Newsheet to disseminate news between Units and Districts. Its usefulness would be increased if secretaries would, with greater eagerness, write the Editor pithy quarterly letters—which could then be rendered into newsy "pars." (You

see we have the jargon—although we are not even on the editorial staff). Incidentally, the uncanny accuracy with which items which appear on page 13 can be predicted on page 3 is to me always one of the greater mysteries of amateur journalism!

We have had several Training Week-ends during the summer, and while their value may be uncertain, yet we have discovered that we never knew who was training whom. We "trained" each other.

Now that we have reached the end of another financial year, it is possible, mathematically, to calculate the immediate response to the Sutherland Graeme letter. The result at first glance is not such as to give cause for great jubilation, but closer examination shows a keener general awareness of our financial responsibilities. We have been careful to

remind ourselves that the S.G. letter was but the beginning of a new attitude to this business of giving, and our experience goes to show that where there is a District Bursar to water the seed already sown there is hope of an ultimate Harvest Festival.

Set thinking by Alec Churcher's letter printed in the JOURNAL a few months ago, on the respective values of Quantity and Quality in Service, Hull District has revised its policy with regard to Week-end Camps. From a small beginning four years ago, this job has grown until, in 1934 and also in this year, 400 boys went to these camps. Now an effort is being made by the units in the Hull and North Humber Districts to raise the necessary capital sum wherewith to purchase equipment (probably bunkhouses and marquees) for a standing camp. The use of this camp at the week-ends during the summer months has been offered to two Boys' Clubs in the City, with which Toc H is intimately concerned, and during the school holidays there will be a week to week camp for boys, organised and staffed by the units in the two districts. It will, of course, mean that fewer boys will be taken, but those who are taken will have a week's holiday, instead of a short week-end.

Peter used as a sub-title to *Toc H under Weigh*, the words, "It makes all the differ-

ence whether we have set out on a cruise or on a voyage," and while Toc H is undoubtedly a voyaging adventure in the Wolds District, for purposes of mental refreshment we have set out on a Winter Cruise. This is the pretty title given to a pretty sinister series of talks about Toc H. The speakers have been 'shanghaied' by the District Team from the different units and their talks are disguised by nautical titles:—The Shipbuilding; Commissioned and under weigh; Signing on the crew; From Quarterdeck to Fo'castle; The Able Seaman; Mutiny in the Doldrums; The Roaring Forties; Whither Bound? The talks have begun to sweep from the Western end of the district to the Eastern, and will do so at monthly intervals.

Since our last despatch we have to welcome a new Group in *Riccall*; we offer them our congratulations and best wishes. We grow slowly, but, we hope, sturdily, in Yorkshire. When next you hear from us we hope to be able to report further growth. We are trying to prepare for the establishment of two permanent R.A.F. stations at Eastburn and Church Fenton. *Cawood* will be the natural attachment for the latter, and now there is a movement from *Bridlington* to start a grope in Duffield as an attachment for the Eastburn station.

### From the Shrewsbury (Experimental) Area

Although it is three years since the Shrewsbury (Experimental) Area was detached from the old West Midlands Area, it has not hitherto figured in the Family Chronicle, and this is perhaps a very fitting time for something to be said about it, in view of the recent decision of the Central Executive to place the Area on a permanent footing as from April 1st, 1936.

It can be seen from a glance at the Map that the Area is a very extensive one, stretching as it does from *Holyhead* to *Hawarden* in the one direction and from *Llandudno* to *Shipston-on-Stour* in the other, also that it is a territory of much variety in so far as geographical and topographical features go. These tend, in the North and West particu-

larly, to make communications difficult, and they have proved an obstacle to those who have been responsible for setting up District organisation owing to the difficulty in finding convenient centres for Team Meetings.

The Area has many peculiarities and not the least of them is the fact that it has three quite different types of the Human Species within its confines. The Welsh, the Border folk (apologies, Mr. Editor, to residents on the Scottish border), and the English. Fortunately, we have an Area Secretary in Geoffrey Foster who has the knack of being able to mix with the English, wrestle with the Borderers and roll his 'll's' with ease among the harmonious inhabitants of the Welsh Mountains, and the present healthiness of the

Area is in no small measure due to his untiring building and pioneering. It is partly due to racial reasons and partly to geographical considerations that the Area is administered differently to other Areas. It is divided into two Divisions, *i.e.*, THE NORTH WALES DIVISION and the SHROPSHIRE AND WORCESTERSHIRE DIVISION (the latter from the want of a better name which sooner or later we hope to find).

THE NORTH WALES DIVISION embraces all the North Wales Counties with the exception of the Southern part of Montgomeryshire, whilst the other Division is made up of the Counties of Salop, Hereford, Radnor and Worcester (excepting the north-east corner which is in the West Midlands Area) together with small parts of Montgomeryshire, Gloucestershire and Warwickshire.

Each Division has its Divisional Team of ten members working directly under the Central Executive. With frequent inter-visitations of the Leaders of both Divisions, District Officers Conferences and other informal gatherings, there is a surprising amount of *esprit-de-corps* evident in the Area and the present system of administration works remarkably well.

When the Area was first set up as a separate entity it was possessed of only nineteen units of Toc H. Now it has nearly 50. The number of Districts has been increased from four to six and very shortly there will be a seventh, as arrangements have now been completed to split the Shropshire District in the near future and to set up separate East and West Shropshire Districts. Three of the six Districts are in the North Wales Division and three in the English Division.

The growth of our Area has been on the rapid side, and that is why we now propose to enter upon a period of sound consolidation before we continue our building operations. Distances between units, great as they are in some parts of the Area, do not seem to trouble our very keen District Leaders, who think nothing of journeying from *Bangor* to *Dolgelley* or from *Llandrindod Wells* to *Pres-teigne*, two or three times a month, after a hard day's work, if needs be.

The Caernarvonshire & Anglesey District has now been greatly strengthened by the recently recognised units at *Portmadoc* and *Dolgelley*, both of which are imbued with great keenness, and anxious, in their turn, to spread Toc H on the coast of Cardigan Bay and into the hinterland of Merionethshire. During the early part of the year the District was honoured with a visit from Padre Owen Watkins, who was the chief guest at a District Guestnight held at *Holyhead*. His talk dealing largely with the building of Toc H in South Africa, was greatly enjoyed and it has helped to give us a better conception of the Family overseas.

The Vale of Conway District is the youngest one in the Division, but it is being fashioned on sound lines, thanks to the leadership of "Doc" McKendrick and his splendid little Team. *Deganwy* is the "baby" of the District and one which shows great promise.

The Flint & Denbigh District is once more nearing the stage when a "hive-off" will again become necessary. *Rhyl* is already the proud possessor of three groups and we understand that there are two more in the offing—a good record for a town of 13,000 inhabitants. *Mold* was granted Branch status as from November 6th, and *Rhyl Central* and *Ruthin Groups* are other aspirants for that honour. We congratulate the former on its well deserved promotion and look to it for great things when, later on, it becomes the centre of a District.

The Shropshire District boasts of many new units, amongst others *Chirk*, *Wem*, *Bishops Castle*, *Ludlow* and *Welshpool*, all of which are full of life. *Coalbrookdale* is another applicant for Branch status. *Oaken-gates* Branch certainly deserves special mention as it has been responsible for starting and sponsoring no less than five other units; *Wellington*, shortly to receive recognition we hope, being its latest protégé.

*Llandrindod Wells*, in the Hereford and Radnor District, has a splendid record and we hope to see it in possession of a Lamp next June. This District is a provisional one, but now that it has been reinforced by the advent

of a strong group at *Leominster* we propose giving it substantive rank and, with some good team work, many large gaps in these counties should shortly be bridged. We are informed that the *Hereford* Group have already paved the way for a start at Ross. Much enthusiasm was kindled in the District at the outset of the Autumn session by the helpful advice given by Jim Burford, who was chief guest at a bumper District Guest night at *Llandrindod*.

Marked progress has also been made in the Worcestershire District and here again a split will very soon be necessary. After a long period during which only *Worcester*, *Kidderminster* and *Evesham* figured on the Toc H map, groups have appeared at *Tenbury*, *Redditch*, *Broadway*, *Campden* and various other places.

*Campden* is so enthusiastic that its representatives travelled 60 miles each way to the last team meeting which was held at Tenbury Wells. *Droitwich* is the most recently recognised unit and its meetings are already an inspiration to those who find their way to the City of Salt. The Worcestershire District Team is full of ideas, and its brain-wave this year was to charter a house-boat on the Severn for its Training Week-end. This was also used for a week-end that the members of the Divisional Team spent together.

The service side of the Movement has not been lost sight of by the great majority of units in the Area, but this is not the place to record jobs done. Many country units have assisted during the last two years in providing holidays for the Blind and arranging camps for boys from industrial districts. Units in the Worcestershire

District are co-operating with the British Red Cross Society in providing libraries for all the hospitals in the County assisted by the two local units of L.W.H. This District has also taken up the Leprosy campaign and several *Kidderminster* Branch members have trained themselves to speak on the Leprosy question at public meetings which are being arranged in the more important towns.

Our Area Pilgrimage to *Pop*, in April, was undoubtedly a means of further cementing friendships amongst members drawn from all over a very scattered Area, and next year we hope to run to two more.

Financially, too, we feel that we are doing our little bit, realising as we do the needs of the Larger Family.

In conclusion, we have to place on record our gratitude to Padre Fleming Shearer, A. Sharples ("Shrapnel") and to P. G. Stevens, for their loyalty during a long period of uphill work in the Area. The Padre has left us for Bournemouth, P. G. remains with us but has had to retire from active Branch membership and from the Divisional Team which he so well captained last year, and "Shrap" retires from the Chairmanship of the Worcestershire District on his being transferred to Leicester where, no doubt, our East Midlands friends will unearth him. Our trusty and well-beloved "Ajax" (Padre A. J. Costain) is still very much in harness at the head of the North Wales Division, and we are glad to leave the destinies of the Salop & Worcestershire Division to the capable leadership of Colonel Hanbury-Sparrow, who has succeeded P. G. as Chairman of that Division.

H. M. P.

